Memorial Number

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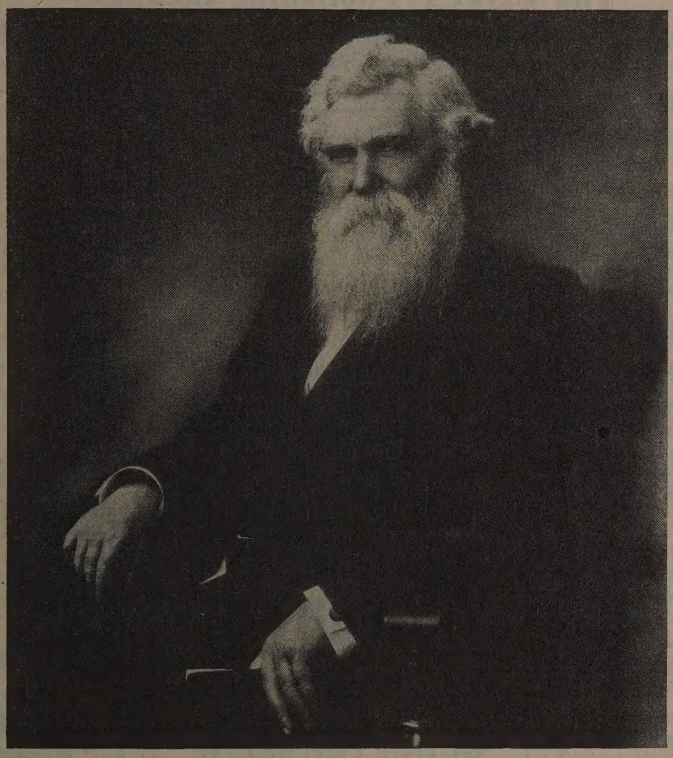
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion



Jenkin Lloyd Jones

"Made of unpurchasable stuff,
He went the way when ways were rough."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1918 NUMBER 12

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

I.

But yesterday he looked upon the world,
Rejoicing in its mystery and beauty,
Alert, with eager eye by love enlightened;
Saw if a woman bore a load too heavy,
Heard toiling children weeping for their playtime,
Beheld the dumb beasts' royal, patient service,
Ignored the lines of race or creed or color,
Bent his own back to bear the black man's burden,
Gave a glad hand to Jew or Gentile or unlabeled,
Wearing their chains, like Paul, as if bound with them,
Stood outside every gate closed to a brother,
Fought his good fight, serene, "above the battle,"
Above the clouds of ignorance and passion,
Laying his life upon the altar fires of Freedom.

II.

Today the riven oak lies in the shadow,
The Unafraid is silenced—not by Fear;
'Tis love has laid her hand upon the marble
Lips,—he may not speak, or hear.

III.

Tomorrow he will wake,—his day is dawning.
Tomorrow in the Judgment hall of nations
I hear him plead the old familiar causes,
Not vainly now, since Time is ripe for Reason;
When Justice, blind no longer, shall weigh nations in the balance,
When Peace shall strike her hour,
When kings are dust and swords are rust,
When man comes into power.
Then taps tonight, tomorrow the reveille,
The night wears swift away,
Athwart the eastern skies the dawn is breaking,
And now, at last, the day.
And now his dearest, wildest dream comes true,
A Congress of Humanity indeed,
Not in Benares or Jerusalem,
But spirit calling unto spirit everywhere,
The sea one wave of joy from shore to shore,
The whole round world one throbbing hope, one prayer,
A bond of peace forevermore and evermore.
Tomorrow dawns,—his day.

November 11, 1918. EVELYN H. WALKER.

FOR J. Ll. J.—THE DREAM.

Ah, great it is to believe the dream
As we stand in youth by the starry stream;
But a greater thing is to fight life through,
And say at the end, "The dream is true!"

Jan. 8, 1913. EDWIN MARKHAM.

To Unity Readers

Realizing that the bond between UNITY readers and the late editor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, was an unusually close and tender one, we have tried to keep them informed as intimately as possible of the details of the last few weeks on Tower Hill, and have printed in these pages some of the many tributes which have come to our hands. We give this issue over entirely to the addresses given at the Memorial Service held on Sunday, Nov. 17, in his own church home in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and to the burial service at the Hillside Chapel, Wisconsin. In succeeding numbers we hope to gather together and reprint, as space will permit, the tributes which have appeared in other papers, and extracts from the many beautiful letters which have been received.

The beauty of this memorial occasion is beyond description by any word picture. It was a matter of regret that so many friends had to stand or go away. The platform was decorated with autumn leaves, wheat, corn and golden chrysanthemums shading into deep red. Busy hands had been gathering and preserving the autumn leaves for weeks past. All these things had been grouped into an artistic whole by those who loved him, worked with him and loyally stood by him and the free platform in which he gloried. Through all the beauty of field, wood, orchard and garden glowed the spirit of love, gratitude, reverence and great rejoicing for this life in which God had revealed himself.

The organ spoke under the skillful manipulation of Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Middelschulte and the sympathetic accompanying of Mr. Charles Lee Cocke. Mr. W. Woollett, a former Janesville parishioner, accompanied by the organ, played Mackenzie's *Benedictus* on the violin. The voice of Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson that Mr. Jones loved so well, lifted the service, as he said she often lifted his sermon, one note higher.

Mr. Kent struck the keynote of the whole service when he said: "Not in mourning do we come, but blessed with the solemn privilege of knowing what this man has meant to us and to the world, so that at the call of immanent duty we may go forth strengthened in heart and fixed in our purpose to pass his message on."

Notwithstanding tear-dimmed eyes and hearts aching for the dear presence, it was a service of thanksgiving and consecration. "To pass his message on"; henceforth this high behest is laid upon his sorrowing but grateful people. E. LL. J.

The Abraham Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church

Cor. Oakwood Blvd. and Langley Ave., Chicago

Memorial Service

Sunday, November 17, 1918, 3 p. m.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

November 14, 1843—September 12, 1918

Hon. William Kent, Presiding

I. Organ Prelude.....Mrs. Wilhelm Middelschulte

II. Chorus, "Lovely Appear"—Redemption—Gounod
.....Children of the Centre

Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

III. Reading.....Rev. John Haynes Holmes

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions: such as found out poetry and recited verses in writing: rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations: all these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

He that giveth his mind to the law of the Most High, and is occupied in the meditation thereof, will seek out the wisdom of all the ancient, and be occupied in prophecies. He will keep the sayings of the renowned men: and where subtile parables are, he will be there also. He will seek out the secrets of grave sentences, and be conversant in dark parables.

When the great Lord will, he shall be filled with the spirit of understanding: he shall pour out wise sentences, and give thanks unto the Lord in his prayer. He shall direct his counsel and knowledge, and in his secrets shall he meditate. He shall shew forth that which he hath learned, and shall glory in the law of the covenant of the Lord.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment.

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath set me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

IV. Solo—"I Go to Prove My Soul," (Browning)
.....Jennie F. W. Johnson

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

V. Prayer.....Rev. William C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.

Father, death makes us all but little wondering children. We come knowing so little; trusting to much; loving entirely; pouring ourselves through love into trust.

Is he here among us? If thou, why not he, life within life, spirit within spirit, he in us as thou art? We are more wondrous beings than we know. Thou livest in all souls, all souls in thee; and what can separate souls that love from one another in the horizons of the spirit? We feel his spirit moving now in ours. We have this cheer that came from him; courage like his, because it was first his; faith and hope and love and high ideals are ours today, his gifts; and if these, all are parts of our inmost selves, we claim him as our inmate. He and we are still together.

Father of Love, because we loved, we love him on in all new realms of life. We gather here to tell him so. The far horizons open. Death teacheth us the things of Deathlessness. Amen.

VI. Violin and Organ, "Benedictus".....Mackenzie
Mr. W. Woollett and Mr. Charles Lee Cocke.

WILLIAM KENT, Chairman,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We are here to commemorate one of the great men of the ages, a prophet whose peculiar task it was to adapt religion to our new-found democracy, and to teach to that democracy the need of religion.

His work is done. His voice has joined the Choir Invisible. Not in mourning do we come, but blessed with the solemn privilege of considering what this man has meant to us, and to the world, so that at the call of immanent duty we may go forth strengthened in heart and fixed in our purpose to pass his message on.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones was guide, philosopher and friend.

A rugged pioneer, brave, sure-footed and tireless. The path he blazed leads to a land where men know each other, and therefore cease from mistrust and hatred; an all-inclusive land where every man having broken bread and tasted salt with every other man, is bound by the kindly laws of hospitality.

Clearly to him came the vision of an ordered universe, where creature is related to Creator, and each to all. This was no mystic theory to be absorbed in self. It must be translated into terms of definite duty, into life and living. This man demanded the actual, the tangible, in terms of human welfare. Art for art's sake, thinking for its own sake, yes, religion for self-salvation, seemed fruitless abstractions to him. He held that beauty, truth and faith are in the world that they may ameliorate the common lot. On him the consecrated, the inspired preacher, teacher and leader, was laid the duty of showing forth their messages.

His respect for the human soul demanded for each freedom of thought and expression—independence in all things—where such independence did not impinge upon the equal independence of others.

He had an honest hatred of shams. In this relative world no one had a keener sense of proportion. He led his life and said his say, regardless of conventions that had back of them no social meaning.

Stoic he was, and Christian. He could not respect himself as a stoic, if heedless of the Master's message concerning the neighbor.

This great city has often paid honor to him as one of its first citizens. He brought a new union of church and state, not a subordination of one to the other, but a realization that the sphere of the church is social, and that the organized state is the legally constituted expression of society—a realization that when the church ignores civics it is false to a great responsibility, and that government bereft of the altruism of religion is a selfish self-seeking failure. In his civic life, as in his religious life, he demanded the search for essentials. He sought a union for the general welfare,—a union too often divided and destroyed by the irrelevancies of partisanship.

Of Jenkin Lloyd Jones as a friend I need not speak here. He was loyal and tender. To a mind that sought justice and righteousness there was added a heart full of pity.

His friendship was wide as the race of man—he cherished the friendship of dumb creatures—he was indeed friend of all the world.

The keynote of his life was unselfishness. Such a soul reflects to us the pity, the friendliness of God who gave it.

Mr. Kent: We miss a great voice here today—that of Dr. Emil G. Hirsch. Physical incapacity keeps him away but from his sick bed he has sent a tribute to his friend:

RABBI EMIL G. HIRSCH, D.D.,

CHICAGO.

The sorrow which this memorial hour wakens in the hearts of us all at the thought of the great loss which has come upon so many by the rise from earth of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, is deepend for me by the impossibility of being present with his associates to speak a word of recognition and gratitude under the blessed inspiration of the occasion.

For many years I was privileged to be his yokemate. In many a battle for right and justice I was allowed to follow his leadership to victory or to seeming defeat, no matter which, his faith in the ultimate triumph of truth never wavering. If philanthropy means love of man, there was never a mortal more truly philanthropic. He knew no prejudice of creed, race or condition. He felt that the world was large enough for all of God's children and that there was work enough to do that required the co-operation of all. This explains his courageous attitude on the vexatious controversies dividing the nations, his passion for peace, the higher type of patriotism, of good will and justice, which he, at whatever risk to himself, was proud to preach and to exemplify. He had no prejudices; all the more valiant a soldier was he in the war upon all prejudices, inherited or popular. The future will—of this I am sure—justify the gospel he preached and among the men who will be remembered as having wrought the better tidings of light and love in the days of hatred and darkness will be Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose presence among us brought so many blessings to our own lives and whose going from us leaves in our hearts a void and vacancy hard to fill.

Our lives were made richer and nobler by his being with us. We shall miss him but never forget him. Among the many indebted to him, I would be enrolled. The thought of him will, I am confident, give also to my weaker courage effectiveness and spur me on as it will others to remain loyal to the high ideals which were his guiding stars.

To quote a rabbinical phrase, I would say:

He has entered into peace; upon us has descended the cloud of sorrow.

Mr. Kent: It is my privilege to introduce a man who for forty years was closely associated with Mr. Jones in the intimate bonds of friendship and of the same ideals and the same work, a man who for forty years has been trying to tear down the fences between human souls—the Reverend William C. Gannett of Rochester, New York.

*WILLIAM C. GANNETT, D.D.,

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

An "Uncalculating Soul" gifted with practical sagacity, a Dreamer able to make real his dreams and ever in fulfilment dreaming a new dream,—that, as I think of him, his life-work over, is the Jenkin Lloyd Jones whom our love and honor and sense of loss commemorate today. I am to recall to you the sources of our Dreamer's life, his education in which books played so small a part at first, so large a part at last, his apprenticeship in ministry, and his earlier work with you, and so reach his conceptions of religion, the ideal church, and the liberal faith. Others will speak of his relation to social reforms and the wider public. It would not be hard to tell my part of the story almost in his own words, his writing is so sprinkled over with autobiography.

The life began, as all lives do, long before his mother saw him. His was a royal family of democratic blood. Nature quietly takes three or four unconscious generations to produce the horny-handed aristocracy that she loves, and it was his happy fortune to belong to it. At home in Wales the father added to his farming the making of those tall stiff hats we see in old-time pictures of the Welsh folk; and the tradition lasts that, if a customer doubted the staunchness of his workmanship, he would throw the hat upon the ground,—"Stand on it!" In that staunchness lay one source of the uprightness, the faithfulness, the love of excellence that have marked the ten children of the family, five boys and five girls. The little mother had a strain of gentler culture along her lines of ancestry, whence may have come some of their finer threads of intellect. Her maiden name was Lloyd, and, with justice rare outside of Wales, the family name has always been, not Jones, but Lloyd Jones, with or without the hyphen. Both parents had warm

*All of this address was not given at the Memorial Meeting. It has since been added to and revised.

hearts for religion, and in faith were "come-outers" of the old Welsh Unitarian stock.

This brave pair decided that their children must have a wider land than Wales, and none less wide or free than all America, to grow in; so they saved shillings, crossed the sea, found the western trail, avoided the treeless prairie because "it must be poor land if it wouldn't even grow a horse-switch," and plunged into the depths of a Wisconsin forest, Welsh their only language, and the hatter's hands all stranger to the cross-cut saw. Here of logs and bark they built their frontier home. Jenkin was the baby in the mother's arms upon the voyage. He was born in Wales, November 14, 1843,—the week just passed held his seventy-fifth birthday. His *first* he celebrated by landing in New York. "My earliest recollections," he once wrote, "are of a log-house surrounded by heavy forests, where the father had to chop a tree to catch a glimpse of sky. When he had bought his hundred and sixty acres of the Government, and paid for a yoke of oxen and one cow, he had a single round gold sovereign left in the palm of his hand. In this log-house my first twelve years of life were spent. My memories reach back to the Indian, the trapper, the itinerant preacher, the weekly mail, the stream of arriving immigrants to whom the home offered hospitality that never reached its limit,—and to the grewsome battle with mosquitoes and malaria. Next to salt and saleratus, quinine was the staple necessity." At last, after an almost hopeless struggle with stumps, stones and ague, the family moved into the open of the prairie a hundred miles away, and began America again. A boyhood, then, of stern frontier privations, but faced in a home of household tenderness and high ideals,—this was your Dreamer's start; Abraham Lincoln's start a little bettered. No wonder the affinity of later years that christened this building. To judge by two boys at least, no poor training this to make a dreamer with power to realize his dream.

What further education had our boy? Only what the school-house in the woods and, later, a county academy could give him, but this was enough to make him thirsty for a deeper drink. When the War broke over the land, it forced the question, "Camp, or College?" Of course one boy, at least, must go: I think it was to save an older brother, lately married, from the going that made Jenkin, not yet nineteen, choose the camp. As member of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery he saw Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge; escaped wounds, but not fevers, small-pox and hospitals; was run over, and came out a little lamed for life,—that was the secret of his early cane. Fifty years afterwards the Wisconsin Historical Society printed the three years' diary that this boy had kept as private soldier in the Union Army.. Many soldiers begin diaries; he persisted. It foretokened the habit of his life: he seldom gave up a good plan, never a good hope. These army years furnished a second period of bracing discipline,—following duty, fronting danger, facing death; that stern education which two millions of our boys have lately been receiving. May there be Jenkins among them! His judgment of the War is given in the preface of the Diary volume (1913): "The Army freed the slave and saved the Union. If it could not have been done otherwise, it was worth all it cost. And if this dire predicament were to come again, I would do my part all over again. But oh, it was such a wrong way of doing a right thing!"

The War over, the old question rose again in a new form: Should he stay at home and help his father on the farm—the brothers all were farmers—or break away, seek school, actualize a dream? This time book-hunger conquered: he remembered the very hour and spot when he threw down his rake in the harvest-field and told his brother, "I am going out to win an education, if I can, and try to be a minister." His war-service had given him the right to choose. His folks encouraged him, and with their blessing away he went to the Meadville school for ministers. He left the school with a deepened love of books, a set of lecture notes doubtfully legible, three church-calls, and, better than all, a noble, well-trained Meadville woman for his life-companion, one as devoted as himself to ministry, and so concentrated in devotion to the minister that she became a large element in the success of the hard years ahead. At need she could write a paper, lecture, tract, at need go up the pulpit-stairs and preach. Without her at his side as home-maker and parish assistant to care for all details and leave him free, his earlier product would have differed not a little both in quality and volume. Conscious of limitations, of the three calls he accepted one of the humbler, but it led him homeward to his own State. One year at little Winnetka on the Lake, and then a larger field at Janesville opened. There through ten strenuous years he labored, making and surmounting first mistakes and learning, as young parsons must, by sheer, rough practice the art of "ministry." What marked him out from other youngsters learning the same art was *glow*. He talked with shining eyes, laughed loud, struck hard, was ready to dare high tasks, didn't know that he couldn't and so *could*. For instance, he could hardly have seen a good painting in his life, but he interested Janesville in the history of art and had a picture exhibition: what matter if mainly of cheap photographs? It was an acorn, and acorns grow. He never despised the acorns, but he always dreamed the oak. He started a "Mutual Improvement Club" in church and town,—a new idea in church life then (1874). I think it was the lone pioneer of all the Unity Clubs in the West, and soon no Unitarian church there so poor as not to have one. Of course he promptly took to type. The first three volumes of his "Works" I own are rough frontier-printed sets of Sunday School lessons,—touch-and-go, but original, suggestive, effective for their field, and covering, as was his wont, nature, ethics, Scripture, man,—curious germs of that which grew to his elaborate "seven years' course" with you. He was on jolly terms with the children in these lessons, called himself their "Uncle Jenk," and carried off his learning with a rollic,—you would recognize your minister. And again, these, I am almost sure, were the earliest Sunday School lessons printed in our Unitarian West. Two originalities already to his credit then, two ideals on their way to reals. I suppose that no one yet said "genius"; yet it was about this time that I first met him at some conference of ministers, I a young new-comer to the West myself. They were giving three-minute reports of their

churches. Struck by the breeze in his three minutes, I whispered to my neighbor, "Wendte, who is that?" "That's Jones!" he answered; "he's a rough diamond"; and I think he added, "They call him the Buffalo." The ten years at Janesville were his 'prentice years, and three things in them were prophetic,—those Sunday School lessons, the mutual improvement classes, and the symptoms of a missionary. A Chicago minister was in the making.

All this was in the seventies; and in the later seventies it so happened that the Western Unitarian Conference lay dying. After the Civil War there had been a brief blossoming of liberal churches in the West. With kindly but mistaken caution the eastern Unitarian Association asked leave to *garden* the wild growth, and the West consented. As natural result, in connection with the financial crisis of the time, there was soon suspended animation, and now the Conference was gasping for breath. What could be done? Was there a doctor anywhere? Would that young fellow up at Janesville, known to be of unselfed heart and missionary zeal, take one-fourth time from parish-work and try to resurrect it? He *would!* He came and went, he saw and shouted, and he conquered! Almost at once life-currents began to flow again; courage, morale, initiative revived; helpers gathered to his side; and the work so grew and prospered that in 1880 he moved to Chicago as full-time Secretary and leader of the Conference. A brilliant eight or ten years followed for Western Unitarianism,—the most brilliant in its history. Headquarters became a very busy place; a monthly pamphlet opened its mouth, became a fortnightly, and then a weekly paper, known as UNITY; an audacious Sunday School society published lessons, series after series; vigorous tract-publications began, two series; long missionary trips were undertaken by the Secretary; State Conferences developed under his fostering hand, and the annual meetings of the Conference grew renowned for liveliness. Jones was center of it all, devising, programming, radiating life and glow.

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young" (and Unitarian) "was very Heaven!"

Then came an episode, or rather a logical development which I can not omit, because he had so much to do with it, and it to do with him. Through the western Unitarian churches a strong wind now began to blow making for greater liberty in the denomination. Lessening stress was laid on doctrine and on the Christian name as rims of Unitarian fellowship, and increasing stress on the principles, simple but of great import and far scope, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion." That became the watch-word, that the flag. There was no special change in beliefs of any kind; it proved easy to set forth a statement of things commonly believed among us, splendid truths that were felt splendid by almost every soul; no change in belief, save that the ministers were all preaching "evolution," and this wrought gradual change in emphasis and in proportions as they stated truth. *This* change grew conscious, and it led to trouble, "the Issue in the West," as it soon was called; "Issue," because, while the large majority of western Unitarian churches were in and for the movement, a minority of earnest souls objected, and these objectors had the sympathy of the older, more conservative churches of the East, from which came nearly all the money for the western mission-field. With men loyal to truth on both sides, there was no avoiding the Issue; for the most part courtesy and mutual respect held throughout, and no real blame attached to either side. It was an episode of *growth,* to be regretted, not escaped. It was but a belated western correlate of the "Theodore Parker" difference between old views and new that forty years before had made breach in eastern Unitarianism. Indeed at this very time a similar and longer, but a quieter struggle was going on in the East, as shown by the strange history of the National Conference and the jerky changes in its Constitution. In the West the crisis came in 1886 at a Conference in Cincinnati. For its action taken then, "conditioning its fellowship on no doctrinal tests, but welcoming all who wish to join it to help establish Truth and Righteousness and Love in the world," Boston reluctantly but practically disfellowshipped the Western Conference, sent out its own representative, and established a rival organization; and for a while the western churches drew apart from one another in two groups. The objectors had been early told, "For ten years you will have the eastern Unitarians with you; by that time they will *see* and change; meanwhile, if it must be, controversy." It only took eight years—to 1894. Through the debate the "Issue" was better understood; "Evolution" kept on at its solving task; those "principles" became more widely recognized as the real essentials of Unitarianism; and in that year, 1894, the National Conference changed its Constitution to what was virtually the western position,—and there has been peace and growing gladness ever since. But the old glow never came back. Unitarianism still limps in the West from the effects of that old stroke. UNITY had been the mouthpiece of the Liberal party, and Mr. Jones, its editor, warmly urgent for the liberal cause. It made him permanently *persona non grata* in our eastern Jerusalem; and, to be frank, Jerusalem became an *urbs non beatissima* to Mr. Jones. For a long time there was whip-cord in his strictures. Unitarianism as an organized body never satisfied him afterwards, and, as you know, he later led you to declare formally your friendly independence of it. That never seemed to me worth while. Those principles, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion" are Unitarianism's very soul. Henceforth she never will be recreant long to them. Even at that time the "ten" years were only eight. In times when "evolution" is as rapid as it is today, may not a breaking of connections be the impatience of a prophet rather than a necessary loyalty to truth?

But this anticipates. The crisis, I said, came in 1886. More than three years before that Mr. Jones had given up the secretaryship of the Conference to be your minister. In coming to Chicago the hope no doubt came with him to be some time a Chicago minister and work out amid the opportunities of the great city the ideal church that for ten years had been growing in his mind. To do this, as the type was somewhat new, it must be his church from the ground up, not builded on another man's foundations. So he must begin small, take risks, face sacrifices. But believing

as greatly as he did in "Soul," and very sure of "God," —where, after all, the risk? From this time on the story, if told out, would be familiar to some of you. But who here—possibly a one or two—was actually in that little Vincennes Hall not far away, upstairs, bare-walled, dingy, unpulpited till then, on the November day in 1882, when your society was born, and the thirty persons present heard the dark-haired preacher with the kind gleam in his eyes—he was thirty-nine years old almost to a birthday—set forth in stirring words his dream of "the Ideal Church"? That was his theme. Thirty years afterwards you reprinted that first sermon, and he told you then, and truly, "With persistent continuity we have been hewing to that line." He would say the same thing today. The sermon then, though not one of his best, should show what Jenkin Lloyd Jones meant to give his life to realize. Compare it with the church you know so well. "It is to rest on reason; the only heresy in it will be dishonesty, the only atheism disloyalty to God's law of duty revealed in the human conscience. Over its portal one reads no dogmatic test of fellowship. It is inclusive every way, welcoming the high and low, the rich and poor, the better and the worse, the believer and the unbeliever. 'Church of All Souls,' you know you were to be. It will fit itself closely around the practical needs of common life. It will be always onward-looking. And it is deeply grounded upon consciousness of the Infinite Besetting Sanctity. The members of this church will be not saints, but conscious sinners coming to it for self chosen discipline. Its minister will be no priest, but prophet, if haply they may find one, and, so far as mortal can, confessor to the weak, guide to the young, co-worker with the strong, and stay to the aged. The church building should be adapted to worship, but also to spiritual culture of all kinds and to mutual aid and comfort,—a social hall, a workshop, and an oratory for the soul, in one. In its structure the architect shall use only such lines of beauty as suggest utility, modesty, honesty, strength. This church will have a treasury, and in the treasury not a little, but a good deal of money, for the people are to have a good deal to do in the community, and to these people its upkeep will rank not last among luxuries, but first among necessities."—Thus in Vincennes Hall six and thirty years ago. What in it all is not a prophecy of far-off Lincoln Centre?

Then at the end he pleaded for the practicability of this ideal; pleaded in such convincing way that the little company went straight to work matching zeal and matching pennies to make this ideal real. If my count is right, in one month you were organized with officers, in fifteen incorporated, in twenty-six owned a paid-for church lot, in thirty had moved to a larger hall to seat your growing numbers while waiting for the new church. Sixteen more, and in a tremble of joy and thanksgiving you were dedicating that church to Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion, and the service of Truth, Righteousness and Love. By this time it was 1886, the "crisis" year. That same year also saw a cottage chapel rising among the homestead farms of Helena, Wisconsin, where your minister made his summer home among his kin. Helena Valley then was full of Joneses, his brothers and sisters and their broods of children. The little mother had lived to hear the baby she brought in her arms across the sea preach *one* sermon,—then vanished, well content; but the father had lived on in the glory of white hair to all but see the little chapel's walls. That chapel was the seed that later grew into the unique and beautiful colony of Tower Hill and its summer school of plain living, high thinking, and poetry.

(In parenthesis you may like to hear the father's benediction when we bade him goodbye at the summer's end the year before. The words were in Welsh, the language of his childhood. We were gathered at the homestead door. The old man came slowly out. "Well, father, I am going again," said Jenkin. "Well, go, my son, go with a heart. We are all going, step after step. There is a tender care over us, and as we go on, the road grows more and more easy. At least that is my experience." Before Christmas we went back to word the home thanksgivings for the noble life at rest.)

A quaint real was the ideal as it took visible shape and substance in that first church of yours across the boulevard. You and he called it your "combination church." The Chicago *Tribune* agreed with you; it said it had suggestions of Roman temple, Gothic cathedral and Turkish mosque according to the point at which you stood to take it in. I think I dimly remember the awe of the architect, as under strict oversight from Mr. Jones he tried to wrestle out the problem of sanctuary, parsonage and social centre, all beneath one roof and skylight. You could get bed and board and mental illumination and spiritual comfort and the warmest welcome in that hospitable, all-embracing, two-story horse-shoe of a church! And still you grew in stature and in wisdom and in grace with God and man, and soon were planning statelier mansions for your souls, until in 1905 you crossed the street to dedicate this wondrous consummation of the years. What plots and plans it took.—I think the final plan was the eighth that had been drawn—what plots and plans, and bugle-calls from him, and brave persisting sacrifices, not so called, from all of you, it took,—this Lincoln Centre, whose simple outlines and proportions are its exceeding beauty, as he had said they should be! Lincoln Centre with its five and seventy rooms, its nineteen departments of activity, its two and twenty residents, and still more of paid employes; open seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year; drawing the neighborhood to itself by various lures of service, radiating influence and uplift through the suburb, sending out its weekly courage and cheer by means of UNITY among the states,—a crystallized investment of more than $200,000, with endowments of $130,000 to sustain it; its name one of the fundamental names of America's reverence and the world's love, honoring as well as honored by the name; standing in the city's midst for Character and Brotherhood and the Life of God in man; a working cathedral, fitted to twentieth century needs of body, mind and soul,—mans' whole! To this the ideal of Vincennes Hall has expanded, in this flowered. Praise and Hallelujah!

Lincoln Centre, with All Souls Church at its heart, was one of Jones's two great achievements. But the originality and the success of Lincoln Centre lie not in the type of building and the count of rooms and workers, but in the type of work and aim it represents. It is not even a social centre and a church combined,—the unity goes deeper; it is each *in* the other. The careful study of your successive year-books would make an admirable drill for young ministers in the science and art of church organization. Much is said in these days of "socializing the church"; it is the great modern change in church conception. Some see little other use for churches now than as organizations of the brotherhood spirit. Others say, "The church has a special function with heart and conscience and soul's life,—attend to brotherhood through other agencies." Still others say, "Leave general culture, the love of literature, of poetry, of art, of the philosophy of things, to schools of various kinds." Mr. Jones said, "Make these three interests into one whole, embody that whole in the church, and keep the 'soul' central, to quicken all the rest." This is his *type* of "the ideal church," and its success in Lincoln Centre is a real contribution to progress. May you be enabled to continue the contribution! It is a true power-house of the *spirit*, of spirit active and creative; a social centre with a church at its heart the *source* of all its doing. Not the union of church and parsonage within it, but the union of body, mind and soul-needs here attempted, with "soul" dominant and guiding, is your "combination" to be proud of.

He was conscious of the novelty. "Let us not build for a day, nor for ourselves," he once told you; "let us build a church that will be in form and instrumentality as prophetic as we believe the thought we represent is. There will be ministers and people after us to carry out any good work we may begin." And again: "However secondary they may seem to the community, my hard work of the year is represented by the list of sermons and lectures and the programs of my various study classes. One hundred and fifty of the new volumes added to my library this year represent the necessary tools demanded by the hard and high work we have taken to ourselves. Out of this work I am sure all my other work springs." Accordingly he was militant enough for all pacific ends. He wanted this church of yours to be "a West Point of the spirit, to train cadets in the army of progress."

Though he never said no to any call to comfort, cheer or help, if he could possibly say yes, he deliberately gave up, with your final encouragement, the idea of pastoral visits, telling you that "the pressure of the thought and life problems with which this church grapples demanded other ministrations." Yet through his many classes meeting you directly on thought-sides, he probably became more intimate with all the earnest ones among you than most pastors. "The best way to make a social church is to make an earnest one, to make the church itself cheerful, home-like, hospitable."

And he leaned on you as he led you. He contrasted "the collegiate church," so called, in which several ministers combine to serve, with his own "trained lay-workers'" church. He loved to praise you, give you credit for all that he inspired in you. "No minister was ever blessed with a more willing, and I am tempted to add, a more efficient corps of workers." All "details" were yours; he had a maddening lack of genius for details, in spite of all his leadership necessitated of details in others. But what need, with the faithful at their posts? And yet he watched and judged and more than filled in gaps. You worked hard under him because you all saw he worked hardest, gave yourselves because he gave more of himself, sacrificed because he did not find "sacrifice" in his own dictionary. For example, in the starting of your church he had no stated salary for seven Chicago years, but simply took the leavings after all current church expenses were covered—this by his express decision beforehand. Of course his wife had few new gowns, and I remember watching at his hospitable board to see if the beefsteak would go round,—and he took the bone. He leaned hard, I say, and made great demands on you,—*he* knew that, too; only it was not he, it was the opportunity that called to him *and* you to serve. His part was to voice the need in its dream-stage. "It is not wise at this time to particularize," he told you once, when making a big demand; "you are quite accustomed to smile at my dreams. You are equally well accustomed to turn to and make my most hopeful dream more than true. I wait your period of distrust; and after that you will be easily persuaded that the dream is neither extravagant nor impossible. 'I am not mad, O noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness.'"

You may well call 1905 your *annus mirabilis*, but I suspect the year that both he and you would select as really the most significant and beautiful of all your history was 1893, the year of the World's Parliament of Religions in connection with the Columbian Exposition. Was that "Harvest-home of Civilization," as he called it, to merely gather tokens of the world's material progress? Not for Chicago's best, and not for him. It must also symbolize the world's advance in ethics and religion. It is not generally known, perhaps not known to all of you, how very much your minister had to do with the inception and the form and the success of that World's Parliament. On such a day as this it is fair to claim more for him than he ever would have claimed himself. He was not only the official General Secretary and the unofficial general chore-boy of it all, but more than of any other one man it was the child of his inspiration and his shaping. At the time when in the councils of the Commission that had charge of it everything was dim ahead, his comrades dazed with the unprecedented task assigned to them, it was his program, quickly drawn up at Dr. Barrows' request, and—probably at his own request—offered without name to the Commission, that gave form to the scheme and courage to the faint hearts and changed bewilderment into enthusiasm. The truth is he was the one man readiest in the city, possibly in the nation, to plan such a thing. It was precisely in the line of his own spirit and self-training. For years, as I have traced these to you, and as you know well, the whole trend of the man, of his unconscious and his conscious endeavor of life, had been to just this end,—unbarriered Fellowship in Religion. I suppose there was literally less new to him in the Parliament idea than to any other man either in orthodoxy or in the liberal faith,—and when the opportunity came, how radiant and resonant he rose to

it! How he did preach it into you—*seventeen* sermons named and known by that occasion's feat—to get you ready for it, lift you up to it, carry you along with it! And how glad and proud you were to be chore-boys and chore-girls and doorkeepers and badge-pinners and hosts and hostesses by his side! Then you know how he gathered the high ideal notes of what was uttered on the platforms of the Parliament into a book, "The Chorus of Faith." And *then* you know how he felt that the remaining work of life for him must center in perpetuating and widening the spirit and the influence of the Parliament, and making true the prophecies for religion inherent in it,—this by instituting National Congresses of Religion throughout the land. These grew until, in a brother's hands—the same Charles Wendte's who whispered once to me, "Rough diamond" and "Buffalo,"—they have become international, and Boston, London, Amsterdam, Geneva, Berlin, Paris, all have known them. His own longing eyes had added Asia to Europe, and seen a vision of a Congress at ancient Benares on the Ganges. It yet should be,—that Congress,—and why not in part as a memorial to him? What, if he knew, could bring him greater joy? The Parliament's success and these outcomes of it are what I meant by Mr. Jones's second main achievement.

To shadow adequately forth the depth and breadth and richness of his matured conceptions of religion and the liberal faith a larger opportunity is needed than this hour gives. This outline must suffice. Yet I have said no word, or next to none, of things vitally connected with his religious work,—his unusual dealings with the young in Sunday School and Confirmation Class; his unique success in culture classes studying the literature of idealism—always idealism—in poetry and fiction; his systematic lecture tours carrying high themes to distant colleges and cities; his weekly sermons, which at their best were of the "God" in everyday experiences, sermons with glints of poetry shining all along the phrases.

I have been spending the last few days in glancing through a little of what passed from the soul of Jenkin Lloyd Jones into print on its way to deed and life. I thought I knew him well, but as never before I have been impressed by the *many-sidedness* of his personality and purpose, and by the *mass* of his achievement. He now seems to me to have exemplified a type of ministry of which in its fullness I hardly know where elsewhere to find the mate. There have been many ministers more scholarly, many of a finer stroke in workmanship, many more moving in speech, many who have written books destined to longer life than his, a few who have lived themselves into a given cause or movement even more completely than himself; but for many-sided, all-round success in ministry fitted to our complex, changing, broadening modern life, a ministry not overlooking the old eternal human needs, but serving eagerly the new needs of our day, where shall we turn to find his equal? I really do not know. Nor do I think this impression is a friend's idealization. It comes from a review of his life as a finished whole. I had been too close to him before to see him.

A man of Pauline type: a Brother-man, big-hearted, unselfed, fearless, a born helper of souls. Fearless,—yes, like Paul: "We should be where the stones fly." "Let us stand up to be shot at. Let us run the risk of ridicule and defeat, that the triumph of life may come abundantly, if not to us, then through us to others." Had we lived in times unhappier than ours, Jones would certainly have qualified himself to cite adventures like those in Paul's brave list,—"Five times received I forty stripes save one, once was I stoned, thrice have I suffered shipwreck," and so on. Like Paul a dreamer, yet eminently creative, organizing, persistent; and the main dream of his life was Paul's very dream,—reconciliation in religion. You know Paul's great aim was to break down barriers in religion, to blend the Hebrew and the Greek minds, and from the blend evolve a higher faith. This man, too, had seen a vision, heard a voice. The voice said, "No more the separating lines; unite men on essentials in religion; in all things of the spirit be catholic; go forth apostle of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion." And like Paul he could say, "Nor was I disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Or call him one of Browning's men. A man is known by the prophets he reveres. Browning, Emerson, Ruskin, Tolstoi, were this man's prophet-friends. His interpretation of life could easily be set forth in words of the poet he so loved and made so many others love,—as for example:

Life's purpose what?—"Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?"

Life's method what?—"We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

Life's task?—"Doing the King's work all the dim day long."

Life's test?—"'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do."

Life's supreme trusts?—"Hold on, hope hard, in the subtle thing that's Spirit." "There shall never be one lost good." "God's in his heaven. All's right with the world."

How we shall miss him,—face, hand, greeting, cheer!

> "Dear friend,
> We need one face about our world to mend
> Heart's hurt and set jarred minds in tune,
> And sure to do this as the blessed June!
> One voice whose bell shall ring away all fear;
> One hand in which we grasp 'incarnate cheer';
> One steadfast smile rayed out from eyes alight,
> To make men say, 'He's come! now all is right!'"

I spoke just now of his life as "a finished whole." The words laughed at me as I said them. "Deep in my creed I write the article, 'I believe in tomorrow.'" "I believe that the inspirations of life come, after all, from the great things to be done rather than from the great things that have been done." Thus always he: these words are his, and such words echoed where he went. You know how always, when you had done anything for your church,—yours and his,—you waited for his sure *What next?* Ever "the splendor on before!" Of that he was enamored all his life: will it be otherwise in death? I think of him within that splendor, still dreaming on, still actualizing new heaven,—and his word still, *"What next?"*

MR. KENT: John Haynes Holmes, successor of Minot J. Savage, and worthy co-laborer with Robert Collyer, intimate friend and co-worker of Mr. Jones:

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, NEW YORK.

It is inevitable, on an occasion of this kind, that the words which are spoken in eulogy of the dead should take on a personal character not always excusable under different circumstances. It is not so much a matter of pride, however, as it is of sheer delight to tell of our contact with the one whom we have loved and lost—where we met him, how we knew him, and what work we did together. Furthermore, this method of personal reminiscence has its justification in the added intimacy and color which it brings to the narrative. Those alone, perhaps, are entitled to speak in memory of any man who have touched hand and heart with him; and to avoid reference to this relationship would be something very like betrayal of trust. Therefore will you understand me if I tell you this afternoon of Mr. Jones as I knew him and judged him, and thus make this little address very particularly my own personal tribute?

As Jenkin Lloyd Jones was of one generation, and I of another, my acquaintanceship with him was naturally in the beginning of an exceedingly indirect character. I first came to know his name as I heard it spoken in admiration and love by my grandfather in his Boston home. As I grew older, I came to notice UNITY lying every week on the table in my grandfather's library, and I recall that I was usually disappointed in it because it contained no pictures. Later still, I used to read with some regularity the vivid editorial paragraphs in the opening pages of UNITY, and now and then made them the subject of discussion in the household. It is easy now for me to understand why my grandfather was so devoted to Mr. Jones, and so interested in his word and work. This grandfather of mine was one of the founders of the Free Religious Association, and rejoiced therefore in Mr. Jones's valiant championship of free religion here in the central west. He was a supporter and friend through many years of Minot J. Savage, and was glad therefore that the new gospel of evolution was being preached as fearlessly in All Souls pulpit, Chicago, as in Unity pulpit, Boston. Furthermore, my grandfather had been an abolitionist, and a member of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society through all the glorious ministry of Theodore Parker. It was in the youthful experience of those heroic days that the spirit of his life was generated, and that spirit went forth in loyal comradeship to any man who came, as Parker came,

> Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
> To lead (his) creatures forth from want and woe.

For these, and other less important reasons, the name of Jenkin Lloyd Jones was early in my life a household word, and UNITY a part of that newest testament of the spirit which is the product of our own age.

It was much later, after I had graduated from college and divinity school, and had myself become a minister, that I first came to know Mr. Jones personally. It was in 1906, if I remember rightly, that a few of the younger Unitarian clergymen of Boston and vicinity, fired with enthusiasm for what we used to call in that ancient period of history "the social gospel," and disturbed by the prevailing conservatism of New England Unitarianism, organized by way of protest and for purposes of propaganda, what came to be known as the "Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice"—I think that, at that time, the group numbered less than thirty men, and we were all of us as obscure as we were rebellious. Our critics compared us to the Adullamites, who are described in the Old Testament, you remember, as "every one that was in distress,—and every one that was discontented." It was natural under these circumstances that we should seek comfort and support from some of the older men in our ministry, whose names were at once honored and influential. We received little encouragement, be it said. Some of the men opposed us, others were good enough to smile upon us in an indulgent sort of way, most ignored us altogether. Only a few stood by us and for us, and of these Mr. Jones was among the first. As letter after letter came to us out of the West, each of them laden with encouragement and counsel, we knew that we had found a friend. As later he stood upon our platform and discussed his ideals of social justice, we knew that we had enlisted a valiant champion of our cause. Right then and there, I touched what I regard as one of the loveliest qualities of this man—his enthusiasm for the young, his encouragement of their ardor, his espousal of their faith. Usually age feels it necessary to temper the zest of youth, and thus succeeds triumphantly in either alienating or destroying it; but not so this man who was as young in the sixties as in the twenties. Right here, also, I came to know Mr. Jones on what I regard his noblest side, namely, his leadership of great public causes of truth and right. As a parish minister, and a preacher, a director of settlement activities, a lecturer on historical and cultural themes, a lover of music, poetry and art, most of you have knowledge of Mr. Jones which is denied to me. My knowledge of him began, and as years went on deepened and extended, in this social or public side of his life. I loved him, and now reverence his memory, as a reformer, an advocate of great doctrines of social change, a champion of righteousness always armed and in the lists, and, when occasion demanded, an uncompromising and uncomplaining champion of lost causes. In this character of public leader, he contributed more to my life than I can ever hope to repay by either word or deed. In what were the blackest hours of my life, he was by turns a light in darkness, a trumpet-call to battle, a lovely influence of refreshment and consolation. As long as I live I shall remember him as I last saw him in my church, eight months ago, with flaming eyes, ringing voice, uplifted hand, flinging his challenge at war and the things that make for war. No martyr ever went to the stake with a stouter or a sweeter courage than he displayed that hour.

It is amusing to me now, as I look back at those early days of acquaintanceship with Mr. Jones, to see how I was at first baffled, and then disappointed, by what I thought to be his attitude on social questions. Feeling ran pretty high in those days, and one of the first questions about any man was the question as to whether he "belonged" or not. I tried right off to classify Mr. Jones; and to my disgust he wouldn't classify. My first

test was socialism, as I was at that time moving rapidly toward socialism myself, and felt, as I still feel, that some approximation toward the socialistic interpretation of life and the socialistic theory of reform, is necessary to any man who desires to be "not far from the Kingdom of God." I tried at once, therefore, to prove that Mr. Jones was a socialist, but I couldn't seem to do it. He certainly was not an opponent of socialism—which was a good deal then, as it still is now. But he didn't seem to care much about the 'ism, was provokingly open minded to the possibility that some other road than that of socialism might be the highway to the Kingdom, and I was certain could never pass an examination in Karl Marx and the theory of surplus value.

Then I tried, with some regret, to prove that he was an individualist. His thought, I said to myself, was fashioned in that wonderful school of liberalism, which was the chief glory of the 19th century, and it is still representative of that school. His ideal of liberty is that laid down by John Stewart Mill in his immortal essay. His doctrine of the state is that of Herbert Spencer rather than that of Graham Wallas. He thinks in terms of the rights of man instead of the duties of man. He preserves into our time, here in America, as does Lord Morley, in England, the pure essence of that liberal spirit which, with its supreme emphasis upon the sanctity of the individual, did so much in the last century to liberate the race from the superstitions and bondages of the past. All of which was fine in theory, but strangely embarrassing in fact! For Mr. Jones seemed to fit the Procustes' bed of individualism as badly as he did that of socialism. Temperamentally he was not a bit like Richard Cobden or Leslie Stephen. His teachings burst the barriers of the Manchester school of economics with as little concern as they defied the standards of New England Transcendentalism. Especially was there a kinship here with that Chicago group of social dreamers and practitioners, of which Henry Demarest Lloyd and Jane Addams were the noblest members, which had deeper and farther roots than the individualistic liberalism of the century gone by. Again Jenkin Lloyd Jones was defeating my endeavors to classify him. He seemed to belong as little to a single school of social thought as to a single type of culture. Where *did* he stand? How was he to be understood? Had he thought any question through, or was he a mere sentimentalist, swayed by good nature and a genial sympathy with progress?

I found no answer to this question until I saw Abraham Lincoln Centre, heard the romantic story of the discovery and rescue of the Lincoln birthplace in Kentucky, and was thus caught by what was the consuming passion of Mr. Jones' life—namely, his love for and veneration of the immortal martyr-president. For Lincoln also is a man who defies all attempts at classification. His political teachings belong to no one party in the state, but are become the first principles of that democracy which constitutes the ideal of every modern mind. His religion was technically non-sectarian, but found its truest expression in his famous statement that if he could find a church which stood simply for love to God and love to man, he would join that church. This "first American," as Lowell called him, belongs in no exclusive way to the United States, but is already a world figure; his statue is as much in place in London as in Chicago, and in Petrograd as in London. Abraham Lincoln, in other words, is a universal man. He can be claimed by no one party, church or nation, but is a part of all. To tag him would be as ridiculous as to tag the stars. He is like the sun which shines upon the whole round earth; he is like the air which is the life of every creature.

Now Mr. Jones's long devotion to the memory of Lincoln is immensely significant, it seems to me, from the standpoint of his own character; for all hero-worship of the Carlylean type is primarily a process of self-revelation. As a man thinketh *in his heart,* says the proverb writer, so is he! Mr. Jones's love went forth to this great democrat, this universal man, because he felt instinctively his kinship with himself. He found in him the satisfaction of his own hunger for the best and highest. What Lincoln was in his transcendent way, Mr. Jones was in his much humbler way. In his own sphere, and to his own ends, this beloved friend of ours was also a universal man. He belonged to no party, because he belonged primarily to humanity. He belonged to no church, because his allegiance was to God and the children of God, and never to any intermediary between the two. He bound himself to no single school of thought, because he was interested in all thought which poured its molten stream from the furnace of man's heart and could be welded into one more sword for the liberation of the race. Mr. Jones was moved first by an instinct for truth and righteousness as unerring as the celestial pull of gravitation. He was moved, secondly, by a love of human kind as constant as the fixed stars in the sky. Both of these are universal qualities. They are not so much planetary as they are cosmic. Hence must every attempt to interpret Mr. Jones by ordinary standards of classification be doomed to failure, just as the single attempt to understand him as a type of universal man is certain of success.

It is this fact which holds the key to the problem of Mr. Jones's attitude on social questions—the whole current of his public thought and life. I never think of him in any field, but what I hear ringing in my ears the challenging cry of the prophet Isaiah, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and . . stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation, . . . lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes, for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left." Himself as universal as the heavens, Mr. Jones detested barriers and boundaries. He would tear down anything that "cribbed, cabined and confined." He wanted man to front the stars, and to touch hands the world around. He craved that the earth might be again as God made it, free of the walls that separate and the borders that divide. "Unity" was the magic watchword of his life. His long championship of woman's rights, for example, was fortified by no profound investigation of sociological phenomena, but by an instinctive abhorrence of the denial to woman of equal comradeship with man in the privileges and responsibilities of life, by a senseless prejudice of sex. His espousal of the cause of labor was based on no political or economic theory, but on his recognition of the simple fact that the existing system of industrial organization isolates the workers as an exploited helot class. His unfaltering devotion to the Negro was prompted by his desire

to reclaim to the human family an excluded member. His religious zeal found its characteristic expression in the World Parliament of Religions, and for years cherished as its fondest agent the so-called Congress of Religion, because these involved the elimination of all sects and denominations. His pacifism was nothing but an expression of an utter inability to confine his loyalties to the people of a single country or even of an alliance of countries; "love for battle-torn peoples" must include enemies as well as friends, and indict war as the final and perfect profanation of human brotherhood. So with his zeal for democracy;—this was to him not a system of government or a scheme of industrial order, but a working-out of human relations in terms of universal good will. "Partisanship, sectarianism, nationalism," I once heard him state, "these are the three dragons which I would slay." His might well have been the great saying of William Morris, "Forsooth, brethren, fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; and the things which ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them."

If this universal quality in Mr. Jones explains his thought and attitude on these many public questions, so also, I believe, does it reveal the secret of his spirit. Our great leader was first brave, then hopeful. He was dominated by a transcendent faith which banished from his soul either fear for himself today or despair for his cause tomorrow. He had his dark moments, as who does not; but in the true spirit of the Browning whom he worshipped and expounded, he "fought on, fared ever." And how could it be otherwise with one who saw God in his heaven, and love in the law of heaven? Here at least, in these divine realms of the spirit, is one place where there are no barriers against compassion, no limitations to achievement. One must needs be patient and very faithful; brave as the knights of old were brave. In the "dark tremendous sea of cloud" which enwraps us again and again, one must "press God's lamp" very close indeed "to (the) breast," if "its splendor" is to "pierce the gloom" and not be extinguished altogether. But we "shall emerge one day." This was Mr. Jones's spirit always. Not even in the last terrific crisis of his life, and of the world, did he falter either in courage or in faith. The ruin of all his hopes of enduring peace, the resort of his beloved country to the war which he abhorred, the loss of friends, reputation, public influence, the senseless badgering and petty persecution by a government which he had fought three years to preserve—these things daunted him not at all. They could kill his body—they could not so much as touch his soul. In one of the last letters which he wrote me this past summer, he narrated at length the story of UNITY and its negotiations with the Post Office Department. It was a tale of insult, disappointment, and possible disgrace. But how grandly the old cry sounded at the end. "Let us be of good courage," he wrote me, "the centuries are behind us, and before are the eternal years." Surely here, if ever, was a man

. . . who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

"Sleep to wake"! It would have been sweet to know that Mr. Jones had fallen to sleep amid the indescribable carnage of last summer's fighting, had I not known that he would "sleep to wake," and thus to grieve again over the agonies of men. There has been sorrow in heaven these last four years. God and all his angels have wept; and with them have wept, I believe, "the souls of the righteous." Since I first read it, in the early days of the war, I have been haunted by that poem of Vachel Lindsey's called "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight":

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks and will not rest,
Near the old court house pacing up and down . . .

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake far long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

So of Lincoln—and so, these last few months, of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, that spirit so akin to Lincoln. But now at last, for the one as for the other, there is rest. On Monday last there was joy not only on earth but in heaven. "The morning stars sang together" as they had not sung since the creation; "and all the sons of God shouted for joy." We know how exultantly this our son of God must have "shouted for joy" on that glad day. And now that peace has come, he walks no more, but takes his rest at last as one who lies down to pleasant dreams, to rise again refreshed for new labor and higher love.

MR. KENT: I shall not take any time in introducing the next speaker. Mrs. William Kent is going to speak for the Class in Religion:

MRS. WILLIAM KENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Tuesday Class Mr. Jones brought his best. He brought us his religion more truly than he could give it from the pulpit.

Perhaps this was because of the participation and discussion by the class—and more perhaps of the earnest wish of the whole class to receive this religion—to get the answer if we could to that persistent question, "What are we here for?" Mr. Jones gave us his answer to this riddle of the Universe as he found it in history, science, philosophy, art, literature and his own soul.

He put honest human meaning into the answer of the catechism question, "What is the chief end of man?" "To glorify God and magnify Him forever."

He showed us a way to do this as embodied in Ruskin's Creed of St. George. "We will strive daily to raise body and soul into higher powers of duty and happiness, not in contention with others, but for the help, delight and honor of others and for the joy and peace of our own lives."

I have been asked to tell of the Tuesday Class because I was there at the beginning. It had its beginning indeed at my house when in 1898 a group of women met there with Mr. Jones to talk over the problems of religious teaching for their children. We knew of no Sunday School where this was solved as we wanted it to be. We wanted our children to know the Bible, we wanted them to get a real basis of ethics, we wanted them to get a religion they could never deprecate or outgrow.

Mr. Jones then stated the problem from his side—the difficulty of getting teachers for such a school who were capable, and who would attend a preparatory class and make a serious study to be able to teach the lessons—the difficulty of getting children to attend with the regularity with which they attended any other school.

Then he outlined to us the course of study as arranged by himself and Mr. Gannett and one or two others, a course followed at All Souls Sunday School. Mr. Jones then offered to give this course to a group of women—as many as cared to come—on Tuesday mornings—if we would then take charge of the Sunday School.

We seized the opportunity with enthusiasm.

In our zeal to get away from the faults and conventions of the Sunday School we decided it should be called a *"School in Religion,"* and that it should be held on Saturdays.

Our first Superintendent was Mrs. Lobdell, who had three children in the school.

And so until the end of that year's work we brought or sent our children to the Saturday School in Religion, although the next fall the school was held on Sunday mornings again.

The cry of the day school for greater unity between the home and the school was met quite wonderfully in this work. Most of the teachers had children in the school, most of the parents came to the Tuesday Class and were studying the same course that their children studied in the school.

This is the outline of the seven years' course: The first year's work is called "Beginnings," and we studied the religion of primitive races, the fetish and idol—the myth and legend that tried to explain—and so far as possible the explanation of science. We learned that there was no record of any people so primitive that there were not evidences of aspirations and religion.

The next year we studied the Great Religions of the World. Brahmanism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism,—Zoroaster, Plato and other leaders.

The third year was the study of the Hebrew Religion and the Old Testament according to "Higher Criticism."

In the fourth year we added to the regular course by taking up the apochryphal writings of the period just before and after the beginning of the Christian era.

The fifth year's course was on the flowering of the Hebrew Religion into Christianity and we studied the life and teachings of Jesus, and all the books of the New Testament.

The sixth year, one of the most interesting, gave us the growth of Christianity—the sects and their leaders—the poets and artists—the monasteries and convents and cathedrals.

The seventh year is the Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion. Beginning with Martin Luther as the first protestant we came down through the centuries with these leaders who enlarged the idea of religion and these organizations which cut across sectarian lines.

This is a constructive course.

In the Tuesday Class were women of many sects—orthodox—heterodox—Catholic and Jew. Mr. Jones never made us feel that we had received wrong teaching in our youth—that our parents were misguided, our forefathers deluded and irreligious. Instead, this illuminating study enriched our past teaching and from her inheritance each member brought a contribution to the common store.

Every Puritan dogma, every Jewish ceremony, every Catholic vestment was shown to be a sign of the religion that is within us—a part of the spirit that shall eventually save the world.

I think these lines from Rabbi Ben Ezra:

> Not that, admiring stars,
> Youth yearned—"Nor Jove nor Mars;
> Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Mr. Jones's religion, which he gave from this pulpit, which he gave to the Tuesday Class, was of that flame which "blends transcends them all."

I have spoken *of* the Tuesday Class. May I speak a word *for* the Tuesday Class? As their representative I want to express here our gratitude to Jenkin Lloyd Jones and our earnest pledge to follow the gleam.

MR. KENT: Mr. Francis Neilson, statesman, scholar, and a great acquisition to this organization and this city, will address you:

FRANCIS NEILSON,

CHICAGO.

I met Jenkin Lloyd Jones very late in his life, and since I have been asked to say a few words at this memorial service I have been puzzling my mind how one that knew him for so short a time could intrude upon your notice this afternoon; but Mrs. Kent, with her most interesting address, has come to my rescue and helped me to tell you how I got so closely in touch with Jenkin Lloyd Jones. My wife took me one day, some years ago, to the Browning Class. At that time they were perusing the pages of Paracelsus, and Mr.

Jones's reading that morning, and Mr. Jones's explanations to the questionings of the class, explained to me just what manner of man he was. My heart went out to him at once. Strangely enough, they were studying the poem that made such an extraordinary change in my life when I was a young man, a poem I have never forgotten. So after that we became very close comrades. We discussed a great many questions. It was strange that I, from England, should come over and enter into his life at that time, while Europe was in bitter conflict. But it was very natural that the man that had an internationalist idea of religion should prove himself to be a man who understood the internationalism which will solve all our European political woes. So, my contribution to the services to-day must after all be these lines that I have embodied in a little sonnet called

PIONEER.

A pioneer who changed not while he led,
Though clearing cut-rough trails to smoother ways,
Shaping the paths of brotherhood, for days
When all the men of strife shall leave the dead,
Dark past, and seek the blessings God has shed
For all to take: those blessings sung in lays
Of liberty and love.

His spirit says,
"Go forth, and meet where peace and reason wed!"

O secular Christian, the nations stir!
Their weary eyes strain towards the dawn's first nod,
Which flings the fiends of bondage to their lair.
Now Browning's man will tread on his own sod,
And front the dawn along the path laid bare
And smooth by you, the path which leads to God.

VIII. Hymn by Congregation, *"The People's Thanksgiving."

Not alone from mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea,
Not alone for bounteous harvests,
Lift we up our hearts to thee:
Standing in the living present,
Memory and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
Praise thee more for things unseen.

Not for battleship and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for the conquests of the spirit
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord;
For the heritage of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school,
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

For the armies of the faithful,
Lives that passed and left no name;
For the glory that illumines
Patriot souls of deathless fame;
For the people's prophet-leaders,
Loyal to thy living word,—
For all heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord.

God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction,—
Make our nation free indeed;
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition
In the Brotherhood of Man!

—*William P. Merrill.*

*This hymn was born out of a prayer made by Mr. Jones at a union Thanksgiving service in the Forty-first Street Presbyterian Church in 1907. The Rev. William P. Merrill, his near neighbor and at that time pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, now of New York, put the prayer into verse.

MR. KENT: Next we will hear from Dr. George C. Hall, President of the Frederick Douglas Center, surgeon, physician, and devoted minister to humanity:

GEORGE CLEVELAND HALL, M.D.,
CHICAGO.

I esteem it an honor to have a place on this program this afternoon, to acknowledge the everlasting debt of gratitude of a group of people whom Jenkin Lloyd Jones always befriended. For him their love and admiration was unbounded; with you we mourn his loss.

In life, I am proud to say he was my friend. In death I revere his memory as one of earth's truest and best. Simple, honest and unaffected in all his ways, his life was an inspiration to all who knew him, because he believed in the great unseen principles and forces that are ever waiting to serve us; in the exhaustlessness of good, in its perpetual unfolding and outflowing to all God's creatures.

Friend of humble and exalted alike, without regard to creed, conditions, race or nationality, this *Abou Ben Adhem* of the Twentieth Century "loved his fellowmen."

There is nothing on earth I honor and love more than real manhood. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a man—he spurned hypocrisy—he loved democracy.

With his passing, mankind has lost a brother, and the cause of justice for the American Negro a fearless champion.

Caretaker of the weak and oppressed, his life had crept into that of my race. We consulted him, we trusted him, we accepted his advice and decisions because we knew him to be always true and fair.

His wide experience, his universal sympathy for others, enabled him to know the mind and heart of my people, perhaps better than any other public man.

As the years pass on, our greatest sorrow is the loss of so many of our old friends; our one desire is for more friends of the type of Jenkin Lloyd Jones—and we would say with the poet, Sam Walter Foss, in his "Suspender Souls," we need more and more

Souls that can stand up unafraid,
Erect before the highest throne,
And own the lowest soul that's made
A twin-born brother of their own.
Send this "suspender" type of men
Through every mart and field and glen.

Send souls on this "suspender" plan
Whose "stretch" no caste can e'er destroy;
Souls that stretch up to any man,
Souls that reach down to any boy;
Souls that can say, "I'm good as you,

I'm good as you, however high;
And you, and you, however low,
However low, are good as I"—
Souls that both high and low can own
As twin-born brothers of their own.

A life like this gives us the assurance that higher honors awaited him. He has retired to contemplate that everlasting glory which mocks all earth-born greatness. "Hail and farewell!"

MR. KENT: In 1893, Mr. Jones introduced Miss Addams as "the unordained minister of the unecclesiastical church of human helpfulness that is to be":

JANE ADDAMS,
HULL HOUSE, CHICAGO.

I think I like better that other introduction he used occasionally to give me when he called me "Chicago's maid-of-all-work," especially when there was some disagreeable task which we were undertaking—something particularly obnoxious in this city which we thought ought to be changed.

I was asked to say a few words for the women, and of Mr. Jones's relation to women in the years through which so many of us knew him and were glad to work with him. Of course he was a suffragist, as has been said, because he was such a good democrat that he needed no argument and he could not think otherwise; but it was part of his courage that he invited Susan B. Anthony many years ago into his pulpit in Janesville when to invite a suffragist into anything so respectable and so sanctified as a pulpit was indeed a strange thing.

As you know well, he had a great deal to do with Frances Willard and her earlier work in temperance, and with that group of Unitarian women, represented by Anna Garlin Spencer and Celia Parker Woolley, with whom he worked in so many directions. Later I well remember Caroline Bartlett Crane and Eleanor Gordon and other of those Unitarian ministers who did not always have an easy time, and whom I have often heard speak of him as their big brother and always their helper and defender.

Standing out as a mere unit from a cloud of witnesses, I should like to say something also for those multitudes of women who have had help and inspiration from his classes, such as Mrs. Kent described. He respected woman's intelligence, and he gave them good stiff stuff when he talked to them or when he had them in his classes. He did not surround himself with an adoring circle of ladies, as some ministers are wont to do, but he brought out the very best in them through inspiration and training, and expected them to do good, hard work, to which treatment, of course, they were able and proud to respond. I am sure he himself would be the first to wish to have acknowledged also his indebtedness to the women who were ready to help him. It was, after all, a woman who gathered together the Endowment Fund which lifted from him the horrible sense that there was a bill ahead to be paid every time that UNITY was published, and relieved him of that source of care. It was a woman, I believe, who was finally responsible for the splendid new gymnasium building which is to be attached to Abraham Lincoln Centre, which is so badly needed in this part of the city, as everywhere else! It was women who largely carried on the innumerable social and educational activities of the Centre and at Tower Hill.

As I go back over the names connected with him in this city through so many years of comradeship, there comes very clearly to my mind the name of David Swing and the name of Judge Tuley, with whom he often spoke upon the same platform; and later, of course, with Dr. Hirsch and William Salter.

He was on the State Board of Charities, you know, for many years. I can remember the causes with which we used to try to get the public familiar, so that when the time came to push them through the legislature or to present them to the electorate, the people would be ready. I remember one evening when Mr. Jones, Miss Lathrop and myself went to speak in a little town at the annual meeting of the State Conference of Charities and Corrections. It was a dull, rainy night, the streets were muddy, and there was no cab at the station that evening, if indeed there ever had been a cab at that station. The train was late, so late that there was no time for supper, and as we tramped through the mud to the church door, woe-begone and rather dubious as to the value of the undertaking, Mr. Jones turned to us and said: "Forward, March! Jenk and Jane and Jule. Charge once more for a lost cause!" It was indeed lost for a good while. I think Illinois did not secure the needed farm colony for epileptics until twenty years later, but who can say that that kind of propaganda, of holding out for the needs of the people at the bottom, the urgent claims of the oppressed, was not quite as characteristic as anything else he did, though it had to be done so often under uncomfortable and discouraging circumstances?

I should like to say one thing more, if I may, for I do not like to have this meeting go by without one reference to the Ford ship. I would like to say this about it: he exhibited then the same spirit of moral adventure with which he put through the Congress of Religion in 1893. That might also have been a cause of hilarity to the newspapers and every one else, but he did pull it off and it stands out in men's minds as the fine thing that it was.

When Mr. Jones went to Europe in 1915, he went in the cause of a conference of neutral nations, a conference which was actually established at Stockholm, and later moved to The Hague. It has left its marks on the European situation and its many documents may yet be of value, it is hoped, in the great Peace Conference which is now about to take place. The ship itself was a mere incident to the Conference of Neutrals, although the ship at once became connected with some things that were unfortunate and which gave rise to that international hilarity which persistently followed it. But after all, wasn't it fine that Mr. Jones was willing to go and try once more for another embodiment of that international spirit in which he believed so truly? After all, the man who faces failure, the man who is not afraid to be laughed at, the man who does not shrink from ridicule, is the only man who wins, and whether his cause comes out well or whether it comes out ill, he must command our respect and our admiration. (Applause.)

I think in time this attempt will take its place with two others that were made during the great war to put forth a moral appeal. The first attempt was made at Christmas in 1914 by the Pope, when he issued that fine religious appeal, begging the world to consider the

ways of peace. Nothing apparently came of that. The second year—the ship landed about Christmas, 1915—again an appeal was made, this time by a plain American citizen who voiced his love of humanity in almost slang phrases, and this also failed. Perhaps it deserved to fail, but it was a gallant attempt, and Mr. Jones's participation did much to clarify it. A year later, again near Christmas time, although the actual words were issued early in January, President Wilson gave his splendid proclamation embodying fourteen points as essential to permanent peace. These have been accepted as a basis upon which the official and final peace negotiations shall stand, but at the moment they also apparently failed. Here we have those three attempts: The appeal of the Pope, that of a plain American, and again that of the President himself which now holds the attention of the civilized world. And who shall say the one attempt took more moral courage than the other?

May I say but one word more? We are accustomed to deride brick and mortar and to say that such a monument does not endure; that after all it is only the spirit of the man that survives. But I am sure in this brick and mortar which surrounds us here we feel that there is a monument worthy of survival, for it embodies the spirit and aspiration of a great man. Chicago is grateful for this building standing here for many years to remind us of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, inseparably linked to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. I very well remember the day Mr. Jones took me through it for the first time when it was practically finished, although there were still some piles of refuse here and there in the halls and rooms; his almost boyish eagerness over this device and that convenience which he had worked out; sometimes, it is said, to the despair of the young architects, but always with the thought of the ultimate purpose firmly in his mind.

Some years ago when I was in Egypt in the midst of mastabas and pyramids, I had a curious feeling that the whole notion of immortality, all the hopes which mankind has fastened upon it, grew by this simple desire that the memory of the loved creature should not pass from earth. We respond to the impulse that our friend shall not be forgotten among the ways of living men; and there is something very natural, human and touching in this eager desire to keep our friend alive. We have this wonderful building here, filled with goodwill, filled with activity, filled with hopes of the future, which I am sure will stand in this materialistic Chicago of ours for many years, as a constant reminder of the gallant spirit who evolved it and who has so lately been called from it.

MR. KENT: Among Mr. Jones's co-laborers here in Chicago is Dr. Joseph Stolz. If we had thought of it first, instead of its having been thought of first by Rabbi Hirsch, we would probably say that he belongs here not in spite of being a Jew but because he is a Jew.

RABBI JOSEPH STOLZ, D.D.,

CHICAGO.

Tender and touching have been the tributes these life-long friends and associates have paid the patriarch, poet, priest, prophet, soldier of the Lord whom they loved and revered and whose memory they cherish because of the perennial message of righteousness and love be bore them, both through his unique personality, and through the medium of his spoken and printed word. It is perculiarly fitting that these first words of loving memorial should have been uttered here in this house so intimately associated with the name of his patron-saint, in this home where every stone cries out of the wall his vision, and every beam out of the timber answers his achievement. And yet, I am in hopes that at no far distant day, there will be found some other place and occasion where one man or woman with a soul great enough to fathom his soul, and a mind big enough to compass his mind, and a heart large enough to embrace his love will give us one big, sympathetic, well rounded presentation of the man who belonged not to one church, one denomination, one city, one country, one faith, but who, like the sun and moon and other great works of God, belonged to the whole earth. When that day comes, I trust that the biographer will not overlook what I esteem it a great privilege to say, this memorial hour, on behalf of my colleagues and on behalf of the Jewish people of this city and country, that we regarded Jenkin Lloyd Jones as a true and sincere "Ohev Yisroel," "lover of Israel," which, on account of the religious persecution and social ostracism of centuries, the Jew considers the tenderest compliment he can bestow upon the sincerity of a man's belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones had not, I believe, a trace of prejudice in his make-up, unless it was a prejudice against sin and wickedness; and as he loved all of God's children and had sympathy for every religion, he naturally loved Israel in the flesh and Israel in the spirit. He loved not only the dead Jew, and the Jew of ancient times and of foreign countries, he loved the Jew his neighbor; and he loved him neither patronizingly nor to make display of his tolerance and broad-mindedness, but as he loved everybody else, upon his individual merits and deserts. I venture to say that there is scarcely a Rabbi in the land that spoke from as many Jewish pulpits and addressed as many Jewish clubs and societies as did Mr. Jones; and whether he praised or smote with the rod of his mouth, no one ever suspected that the words that came from his lips breathed aught of hatred or of condescension. He was at all times the ready champion and defender of the Jew. He insisted that the Jew should have his rightful place in the Parliament of Religions. He gave his encouragement to the formation of the Council of Jewish Women. He founded the Congress of Religion in Sinai Temple. And he was the first, and probably the only, clergyman in this city that made the presence of a Rabbi on the platform the condition of his participation in an interdenominational service.

I love to recall the occasion upon which I first met Mr. Jones. It was at a meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference held, some thirty years ago, in the Third Church. Although a very young man, a newcomer to the city, and a stranger to him, he invited me to read a paper on "Judaism's Contribution to the Synthesis of the Religion of the Future," a part of a symposium; and I still feel the touch of his arm as he embraced me, and the benediction of his good will when he spoke to me those hearty words of encouragement with which we was wont to welcome a new coworker. And I shall cherish among the precious mem-

ories of my life the splendid messages he brought at the inauguration of Isaiah Congregation and at the dedication of Isaiah Temple, and the happy experiences we shared in connection with the Parliament and Congress of Religions.

As he felt perfectly at home in every liberal Jewish pulpit, so did Jews feel at home in his study classes and at his church services. With his open-mindedness, it was easy to be under him a seeker after the truth. And with his reverence and spirituality, who did not feel upon entering these portals "Surely, the Lord is in this place, this is none other than the house of God and this is the gate of heaven." As a poet, he loved the literature of the Old Testament. As the mouthpiece of social righteousness, he sought out the Prophets for inspiration and encouragement. And as a priest at the altar, he lived up to Malachi's ideal: "The law of truth was in his mouth, and unrighteousness was not found in his lips; he walked with God in peace and uprightness, and did turn many away from iniquity. For, the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for, he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts." Yea, he obeyed the great Hillel's injunction: "Be of the disciples of Aaron, loving peace and pursuing peace, loving thy fellow-creatures and drawing them near to religious truth."

He often opened the eyes of Jews to the glory of their own inheritance; and not seldom did he shame them into love of their own discipline.

We, Jews, mourn with you your loss, dear friends of All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre. For as the Talmud says, "When a righteous and just man departs this earth, there goes with him the honor, the glory, the splendor, of a city." But we, too, take comfort in the thought that the memory of the righteous remains a blessing; that the just will live on through their faithfulness; that the loving spirits of all nations will find their reward in the millennium they have faithfully helped to advance, and in the unending life of the spirit in realms where there is peace and no war, where there is love and no separation.

Blessed, thrice blessed, has been thy coming into my life, into many lives, beloved friend. Blessed by thy going into the life eternal. Thy righteousness go before thee; the glory of the Lord be thy rereward!

HERBERT L. WILLETT, Ph.D.

Owing to another engagement Dr. Willett was unable to remain long enough to give his address in person but we are glad to be able to include it in this number.

Mr. Jones made it easier for one to believe in humanity. He was an optimist, who with great sadness perceived the anguish of the world, but did not despair. All through his life he faced the future of our imperfect social order with confidence. He had a profound faith in human nature which made him a prophet of democracy, a seer of better days ahead. From a library rare in its wealth of material, and a real workshop of the ideal, he came forth to meet people of every sort, without prejudice of race or color or social level, and found them all greatly worth while. Throughout his long life he was the champion of every progressive cause, in politics, in reform, and in religion. And he was never baffled when events did not move as rapidly as he wished. He knew that the world as yet is very young and crude, and that all the sons of God must work on the fabric of the city of righteousness that is to be, each one opposite his own house. There were crimes and tragedies that broke his heart, for he was a lover of all men. But he was firm in the faith that in the long run the soul of humanity is to be trusted, and that slowly the program of a better world is being organized.

He made it easier for one to believe in the big city of which he was in so full a sense a part. He had lived through the days when Chicago was a city chiefly commercial in its spirit, and had seen it come out into broader perspectives of civic responsibility and ethical enthusiasm. He built his life into it with the eagerness of a convinced prophet of its mighty future. Few public movements for the improvement of this great town have been undertaken in the past quarter of a century in which he did not have a part. When he was the minister of a small church, in a residence section of the city which gave every promise of continued resourcefulness, he foresaw the breakdown that was sure to come within a few years, and laid the foundations of a piece of social service that has taken form in the fine ministries of Lincoln Centre. And yet he did not wait for that ambitious plant to begin his community work. He said one day, many years ago, that one did not have to have a big plant in order to carry on the work of a social settlement, nor did one need to live in a foreign-population district. He added that he had for years been connected with a very modest church in a residence district that was performing in its community all the functions of a social settlement. His idea was that a church should be able to render to its community whatever service that community needs, intellectual, social, artistic, ethical and religious. And that no limitation of equipment was a real hindrance if the spirit of service was there.

Mr. Jones made it easier for one to believe in the life to come. There was a certain timelessness about him. It seemed to some who knew him in the fine fellowship of the churches of his part of the city that he had always been a mature, white-haired man. They had never known him otherwise. And yet he was not old. There was in him the spring of youth, the vivacity of perennial joy. All the more significant were his utterances on the great truths of religion. He had traveled a long way in his theological progress, and had left behind most of the shibboleths of sect and party. He had time only for the essential things that abide. In the eternal spirit which was the secret of the greatest life that ever passed this way, he carried on his work. One cannot think of such a man as dead. There would be something terribly wasteful, unforgivably spendthrift, about the moral order of life if such a soul could cease to be. Somewhere in the labor-house vast in which God's servants find ever fresh adventures for their unjaded strength, he must be busy already in some worthy task, carrying on to nobler issues the plans in some of which his friends were permitted to share before he left them. Once at the end of a prayer he put his whole deep faith in the future into a sentence, as he said, "May we so live that to die shall be gain."

MR. KENT: Rev. William Chalmers Covert, a neighbor and the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, religious and civic worker, will speak:

WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT, D.D.,

CHICAGO.

I am glad that Rabbi Stolz, a fellow-worker in the neighborhood with Mr. Jones for a great many years, has spoken for us these very appreciative words. In the few minutes that are mine at the close of this remarkable series of addresses, I can speak but a syllable of what I have in my heart.

I approached Mr. Jones very cautiously when I came into this neighborhood fifteen years ago. I had been brought up in a very provincial neighborhood—provincial in more ways than one. As a boy fourteen years of age, I did not suppose it would be possible for a man to go to Heaven who did not go to the Presbyterian Church and vote the Republican ticket, and I had to fight a strong and continuous battle against my prejudices even after I grew to be a man.

For my safety and social satisfaction I felt that I should undertake to classify Mr. Jones theologically. I wanted to know where my fellow-worker really stood. And so we had an interview. I ventured to ask him if he were a Unitarian. You should have seen the sparkle in his eye and the smile on his face as he beamed in a fatherly way upon me and said nothing. I advanced a little further, though disconcerted by that smile, and I said: "I presume, then, you are a Universalist?" There was a still deeper smile and more silence, and sweeping his hand across his beard he looked out into the sunshine and said: "Isn't it a wonderful day?" The interview was the beginning of a most beautiful and helpful fellowship with this friend and neighbor. He had no secrets of service in this neighborhood that he did not share with us, as Doctor Willett who has had to go would have told you. He laid his burdens on the hearts and sympathies of his fellowmen. Under the smile that I met in that first interview, I felt my heart enriched and my mind broadened; I hope I caught something of that beautiful spirit of tolerance that went with a most tremendous rigidity in Jenkin Lloyd Jones. I bear testimony to the fact that he fettered my heart and my mind as well and has fastened deep into my own life things that will strengthen and enrich me.

I ask my friends in this neighborhood who are friends of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and of Lincoln Centre and all they stand for: What are you going to do about it? Shall these wonderful tributes of appreciation close the book? Are we at the end of the final chapter? Are these not rather the opening lines of a more wonderful book yet to be written born of the life of this man? His life must continue to flower and fruit in this wonderful institution that was born of his heart. His friends will work through this institution of democracy from this time on, having before them the example of this man's indomitable struggle against opposition and his many personal sacrifices. I beg you to take up the unfinished task of this citizen, neighbor and preacher. Let not one impulse, one hope, one promise of this life fail in connection with the social life and religious problems of this neighborhood, city, nation and world.

X. Solo—"All Through the Night" (Welsh Hymn) .....**Jennie F. W. Johnson**

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee
All thro' the night;
Guardian angels God will lend thee
All thro' the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping;
Love alone his watch is keeping
All thro' the night.

Tho' I roam a minstrel lonely,
All thro' the night,
My true harp shall praise thee only,
All thro' the night.
Love's young dream, alas! is over,
Yet my strains of love shall hover
Near the presence of my lover
All thro' the night.

Hark! a solemn bell is ringing,
Clear thro' the night;
Thou, my love, art heavenward winging
Home thro' the night.
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,
Soul immortal, thou shalt waken,
With thy last dim journey taken,
Home through the night.

—*English words by Walter Maynard.*

XI. Benediction.....**Rev. William C. Gannett**

May courage, cheer and strength pass into us from his dear memory. May each and all take up the good endeavor of his life and carry it a little farther, to make him, if he knows, still happier in his happy place. And may the peace of God that passeth understanding, his own in all sureness and abundance, be with us each and all. Amen.

XII. Organ.....**Mr. Wilhelm Middelschulte**

The following poem was printed on the back of the programs used at the Service:

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Seeker for truth in the scrolls of the nations,
Finder of treasures in prophecy spread,
Prophet himself of a planet ennobled—
Bow we in gratitude now he is dead.

Ever in wonder we listened and loved him,
Breaking for thousands life's sweetest of bread.
What though mistaken ones doubted or questioned?
Greatness is visible now he is dead.

He was a hero if ever there was one;
He was a leader—though few would be led.
Wise ones acknowledged it while he was living—
All can acknowledge it now he is dead.

He was a patriot early and later—
Loving his country, for which he had bled.
Patriot dauntless to Freedom and Conscience,
Still his truth echoes although he is dead!

Glory by some is sought climbing and ruling;
Others dream glory on battlefields red.
Peace upon earth and the good of his fellows—
This was his mandate alive and now dead.

Principles deep in the core of the Cosmos,
Precepts the saviours and poets have said:
These were what charmed him and urged him and crowned him—
Living, they urged him, and crown him now dead.

Laughter of children who found him their helper,
Honor from men taught a manlier tread:
These were the laurels he cherished while living—
These are the wreaths that adorn him now dead.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

TO J. LL. J.

Should Christ our Lord today
Come, as he came in youth,
To teach young men to pray
In secret and in truth;

Sought he a kindred soul,
Christ-like because divine,
In Faith and Love made whole,
Would not that soul be *thine?*

True, thou dost waive the name
By bigots tossed about;
Fence Him with jealous flame
And they must fence thee out:

Yet, were he struggling here,
Compelled from rage to flee,—
Sought he a friend sincere,
Whom would he seek save thee?

Truth, testifying true,
Although to its own hurt,
Compassion, more than due,
Justice, not sharp or curt:

Faith, patience without end,—
That insight, thine alone:—
Christ claims thee as his friend,
God greets thee as his own!

HENRY C. BADGER.

Gore Hall, Harvard, March, 1892.

IMMORTALITY.

I shall be Strength to those who follow after;
I shall be Joy and star-shine in the West;
I shall be Sound and Song and Children's Laughter
Long after I'm at rest.

I shall be Light and Color in a Dawning;
I shall be Life's High-Noon some happy day;
I shall be Evening to the Sun of Morning
When I have lived my day.

I shall be Hope in earth and hell and heaven;
I shall be Man in each of all the three;
I shall be God at last when I am given
The hope that lives in me.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

Dedicated to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 1913.

Hillside Chapel, Tower Hill, Wisconsin

Burial Service

Saturday, September 14, 1918, 2 p. m.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

I. Organ Solo.....Mrs. Jennie Porter

II. Solo—"The Ballad of Trees and the Master"....
.....Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson

Into the woods my Master came
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

III. Prayer.....Rev. John Faville

We come to thee, our Father, as unto the one in whom we live and move and have our being. We think of thee as the living one, the God of the living and not of the dead. In thee there is no death. We come today under conditions where we call ourselves mourners for one who has met the great change. Help us to feel that we are in the presence of not our dead, but our living friend.

We thank thee for this life that has been lived and is living on. We rejoice in these long, faithful, fertile years of influence and power. We thank thee for what he wrought in so many of the great enterprises of life. We thank thee for his faith and his hope and his love and his consecration. We thank thee for his courage. We thank thee for all those great qualities of mind and thought and soul that enabled him to go out and in among you as a prophet, a leader and inspirer. We thank thee for this life and even though the tears of sorrow may fall, may we have the inner peace, the deeper gratitude because this life has been lived among us so long.

Be with us, our Father, as we come to this simple, memorial service, a service that can in no wise be adequate, which cannot express what is in our hearts and minds, but which will send us, we trust, from this place hallowed by so many associations, send us from the city that we call the City of the Dead, with a determination that our lives shall be greater successes in the pathway of thy will. Bless all who are here; these old soldiers who wrought with him for our country's redemption, these friends and neighbors who have known him almost from boyhood, this larger circle who are associated with him in the work that has been done in this community, and that still larger circle which has been associated with him so many years in the bonds of fellowship that have grown dearer and dearer with the years. And send thy blessing upon that still

larger number in our own commonwealth, in every commonwealth of our land, and in other lands who have been influenced by his words, by his teaching, by his life. And now that "the silver cord has been loosed and the golden bowl been broken" we pray that there may come a new desire, a new determination on the part of all who knew and loved him to carry on the work of which he has now had to take his leave.

Bless this family circle, these sisters and brothers who have been with him so many years, and his own household. May the Lord bless them and comfort them and as their day, may their grace and faith and strength be. Be with us so that we may carry out from this place something that shall make us rejoice more than ever before in all great lives and rejoice that this man of power and principle, this man of indefatigable energy and strength, has been with us and that he has been called up higher. Amen.

IV. Address.....

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER, Ph.D.,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

I am glad to be one of you on this solemn occasion. I esteem it a privilege to say a word. The only thing that gives me pause is that no word that I can say can be all that it ought to be and that so many of you could say this word much more fittingly than I can. To be sure I have known my good friend, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, for a quarter of a century and have had many a season of fellowship with him. Oftentimes I have spoken for him on his platform or lectured for him to his classes. But for all that I have not had that constant and intimate fellowship with him which has been the privilege of so many of you here today. Many of you think of him as your spiritual father and friend and counsellor. He has been your inspiration, the basis of your courage, the source of much that is fine and high in your character and your experience. I can assure you that I would much rather hear you talk out of your hearts of those intimate and imperishable things that he has meant to you as you have seen him go in and out among you. I shared the surprise and I must add the shock of his passing. Last Sunday and the week before I was speaking in his stead, and last Sunday it was announced that he had had this experience, but the word was so favorable that although from experience of my own I knew it must be serious, yet I trusted his fine constitution and flawless habits of life and his psychology to sustain him through the shock and hoped that we would have him with us longer. But it seems it was not to be so, and quietly, I learn, with great calm and simplicity and courage, with remarkable cheerfulness and tenderness, he bade you goodbye and gathered up his feet into his bed and was gathered unto the fathers.

The first thought that came to me was the phrase that I used to hear as a boy in the South on such occasions, "A shock of corn fully ripe." So he was. The Lord of the Harvest has gathered the good grain we may believe for other seed times and other harvests. I have not found it so difficult to adjust myself to the passing of a man of long life, a life of indefatigable energy and effort, of large achievement and of measureless usefulness—I have not found it so difficult to reconcile myself to the passing of such a man because it is his going to his rest after a good long day's work. What has more troubled me has been the death of youth, the nipping of the bud before it blooms, the withering of blossom before it bears fruit, the plucking of the fruit before it ripens. I have more trouble with that experience by far than I have with this that confronts us today. And yet I suppose that the morning as morning is worth while, even if there be no noontide and no sunset and no evening star. Morning by itself is good. But if that be true how much better it may be that to the morning should be added the noontime and the afternoon and the evening, with the "one clear call for me." How much better it must be for us. And I suppose that one of the things that our brother Jenkin Lloyd Jones will help us to be more sure of, is that all life is worth while. The hour's communion with your friend does not last, but you value it. The life of the little child that came into your home and went out of it again is worth while even if it did not last. Some day's work, which, as all days' works do, comes to a close, has in it that on account of which you say it is good and you are glad of it. And I judge that what is true of these separate experiences of ours must be concluded to be true of the totality of our experience which we call life; that if the parts are good the whole cannot be bad. As our good brother, who so loved Browning, would say,

> Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be
> The last of life for which the first was made.

So the end as well as the beginning is worth while.

Now I am referring to this for a special reason. I do not doubt that it is possible for our human spirits so to digest the pain and the loss and the loneliness and the sorrow and the bereavements of life, so to digest these that all can be converted by some mysterious alchemy of the human spirit into blessing rather than bane. I am myself profoundly convinced that there is no experience that comes to us, not even such experiences as these, not even experiences of shame, of blame or even of guilt, to which we may not so relate ourselves that they shall contribute to our higher life. That out of the worst the best may be made. And again that was the faith, not only of Robert Browning, but again and again has it received eloquent expression from our Nestor and St. John, who has gone forth from among us now, and it is because of this faith on the part of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, faith that life is good, that it is worth while, that I think he came to be a man of such indomitable will, energy, effort and achievement.

I do not mean to imply at all that he did not think. He was a thinker, clear, fresh, forceful. I do not mean to imply that he was not a man of imaginative gifts,—the good Welshman that he was would itself be almost a guarantee of that. He was a man of thought and imagination and of eloquence of speech. But much as that is true, and valuable as it is, I look upon him as a man who did things and who was resolute in his purpose to bring things to pass—and that really implies his philosophy. His philosophy was this, that ours is the kind of world and kind of life in which human effort is not futile and is not superfluous but is good and is worth while, and so he could not subscribe to an assumption that the world is ultimately merely mechanical and material, for if it were, then human effort would be futile. And he did not accept the idea that the world is completely providential, that

Providence so took care of it that we need not take care of it ourselves. He did not believe that, and because he did not, he pitched in, joined hands with Providence to bring about things that he thought ought to be. And though he believed in evolution he did not hold that evolution automatically achieved values when it had risen to the human level and human things were to be done so that we might resign ourselves to a *laissez faire* attitude and say: Let evolution do it. He believed in more than the natural law of the survival of the fittest. He believed in the human art of making the fittest and gave himself to that task with unremitting and self-effacing toil for more than half a century. He did not believe, either, that this world was completely rational. If it were that, human effort and thought would be in a measure, if not entirely, superfluous. He believed that it is not an entirely rational world but is to be made so, and gave that as his reason for helping to rationalize our world a little. He thought the world was open, growing, potential, stimulating faith and hope, giving a chance for resourcefulness and spontaneity and adventure. And his adventurous spirit with zest and exaltation and unflagging enthusiasm joined with the world in working out the ideal ends of the good and the true and the beautiful and the holy. Such it seems to me was the principle upon which he acted. He identified his will with the ideal. His faith was not one that assimilated itself to the past; he was a forward looking man. His faith was not one that acquiesced in the present and said the present is good enough for me. He thought that the present is not good enough for me but that it should be made better for you and for me and especially for our children and our children's children, and he lived not for the past and not for the present but for the child that is to be born a thousand years hence.

He did not have the attitude of the pessimist who says that the world is such that the good thing cannot be done, and he did not have the attitude of the cynic who says that man is such that he can not do the good thing. He had neither of these attitudes and none of these attitudes. On the contrary he believed that the world was such and he was such that that which was worth while could be brought about if we worked hard enough at it, and he went to work with a will to bring it about. That I understand to be the basic principle and the attitude of will of this great and good man who has made his impress upon our generation and will do so upon generations to come. More specifically it was not doing good in general, it was not effort in the abstract and in general that interested him. He gave himself to concrete and definite tasks and brought things about in that way. You know about this more than I do.

I think of a few things. One is his primacy in the remarkable Congress of Religions in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago of many years ago. I myself was a student in Germany at the time, but when I came back I soon heard of the Congress of Religions and soon heard of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Dr. Barrows, these primary spirits in that great movement and the influence of that in this country has been incalculable. For one thing it suggested to our missionaries the propriety—if indeed there must be missionaries, which is not always a thing to be taken as a matter of course—but if there must be missionaries, that they give some attention to the religions of the people upon whom they purpose to superimpose a new religion and understand their culture and character, and enter upon some proper appreciation of the religion and morality that they already had, which served the sustaining of their social order, the upbuilding of their lives and the tempering of their passions. As a matter of fact in this country the Congress of Religions put an end to the notion that there are false religions. There are no false religions any more than there are false languages. Every religion is some kind of link of the human spirit in time and place with the divine and the eternal. Jenkin Lloyd Jones taught that, and since that day has given himself to an appreciative understanding and instruction in regard to all the religions of the world, so that in this way a broader spirit has arisen among the churches, less ecclesiastical superiority and junkerism exists, and I think the entire church of America is indebted to Jenkin Lloyd Jones for a degree of unity and harmony and spiritual elevation that it otherwise would not have had at all.

One other thing which I have in mind to refer to just now as an achievement that cost him almost a Gethsemane sweat of blood, was the great outcome of his efforts to build up the Abraham Lincoln Centre. How much thought, how much anxiety, how much pleading, how many a prayer—as many I doubt not as there are bricks and stone in the building itself—have gone from Jenkin Lloyd Jones to that permanent contribution to the social and industrial and communal and religious and moral life of the people of the city. The city does not appreciate it as it should. Now that he has gone, as is so often the case, I think they will come to a larger appreciation of it. How often it has been that first we stone our prophets and then afterwards we gather up the stones and build monuments to them. It will probably be the fate of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Then there is a kind of service that he has rendered which is more impalpable, more invisible, but not at all the less dynamic and intensive and valuable on that account. I refer to the fullness of his ministrations in his pulpit. The freshness of his message, the bigness of his purposes, the richness of his emotional life, the kindliness, the sympathy, the guiding hand, the wise word, the encouragement, the smile—I see him smile now. All these things have been visited as gifts of God upon so many of you, upon all of us. This is a spiritual service which goes to the center of our being and from our being to others, and from others to others, and it will be one of the imperishable possessions of our community, our country and our race. I am more thankful than I can say for all such blessings as have come to me from him in this way.

And now I want to say a word about which there is a difference of opinion. I want to say a word about my brother's attitude to this ghastly and tragic and costly war. I am free to say that although I have agreed with Brother Jones in the end which he has had in mind, I have not been able to agree entirely with him in some other features. But, to be sure, identity of opinion is not the basis of friendship, and my friendship for him and with him has not been soiled in the least particle by such differences as we have had in this particular. I have never loved him less. I

have in a way felt like honoring him more, for I can honor a man more rather than less, even if I differ with him in some matters profoundly, for through the criticism and the loneliness of the man there comes forth his steadfastness, his loyalty. There are some things, I dare say to you, my friends, that are nobler than nationalism. I myself think that the distinction between nationalism and internationalism is an erroneous distinction in our day, false in philosophy and injurious in practice. I am both a nationalist and an internationalist, but I am both because I am neither. I am a supernationalist. I believe in national devotion to supernational ends. I have committed myself to the supernational ends of truth, justice and righteousness which do not belong to time, to space, or exclusively to this people or that people, things on which no one of our nations has a prior claim or a monopoly. So that while I am not quite in agreement with our brother Jenkin Lloyd Jones, I am not in agreement, either, with the nationalists who have criticized him and have been unjust to him. I need not remind you, friends, Mr. Jones was once himself a soldier. I assume that most of his critics have not been. He knew what it was to face bullets and smell powder and see blood, to be in the camp, to pull up his camp in rain and storm and go on. Jenkin Lloyd Jones knew what it was to be a soldier and he fought for the unity and the freedom of my country, and as long as I remember that I have not the heart for our local harsh criticisms. This is the first time that I have expressed my difference with Jenkin Lloyd Jones. I have not been a soldier; my father was and my grandfather and my great-grandfather, but I have not been a soldier. I had a boy in camp that was to be a soldier but pneumonia took him, and he won't come back any more. Knowing thus as I know and as you know what war means, I am not one of those to dispute Brother Jones's position that war ought to be an anachronism in our stage of civilization. The thing that broke his heart really was that he woke up one black morning and began to wonder whether he was not mistaken about the human race, about his optimism and hopefulness. It was staggering that a man with his confidence in human nature, his love of his kind, should see the world on fire with the hell-flames of war. No, the soldier Jenkin Lloyd Jones felt that he could not any longer support war with its brutalities and its atrocities and its insanities, for that is what it is. War is a brutal, atrocious and insane kind of thing; and any kind of necessity that we may hold, as I hold, in regard to our own part in trying to save the values that we believe in does not do away with the fact that it is an anachronism, that it is something that ought not to be. War and alcoholism, these are both insanities, and my brother Jones clearly saw that they were and clearly took his position against them. So he was not a man who simply stood for effort in general. In his early ministry, in his exhausting toil in the great Congress of Religions, in his subsequent work at All Souls Church, in his upbuilding of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, in his able editing of UNITY, in his co-operation in this city for so long a time with every good work that you can mention—whenever was there a good thing going on this city of Chicago to which Jenkin Lloyd Jones did not lend a helping hand? In all this he served his generation by the will of God. In all these ways, the man who thought, the man who dreamed, did more than think and dream; he worked while it was day in the service of the Eternal Goodness.

I must not try to say more, I could not well say less.

A week ago Monday Mr. Jones went to Chicago to officiate at the funeral of an old parishioner and co-worker, Mrs. Olive Weston. At the service he read aloud what was probably the last thing read aloud by him, this poem of Matthew Arnold's which I have been asked to read to you now:

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,

* * *

Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succourest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

* * *

Still thou turndest, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!

* * *

Then let us fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

V. Address.....

ZONA GALE,

PORTAGE, WISCONSIN.

The tide is in the marshes . . . of the bay.
. . . Dear Marshes, where the dead once loved to be.
I see them lying yellow in the sun,
And hear the mighty tremor of the sea
Beyond the dunes where blue cloud shadows run.

Far, far, so far, the crying of the surf.
Still, still, so still, the water on the grass.
Here on the knoll the crickets on the turf
And one lone squirrel barking seek, alas,
To bring the summer back to me
In vain . . . .

. . . Mourn gently, tranquil marshes, mourn wth me,
Mourn, if acceptance so serene can mourn.
Grieve, marshes, though your noonday melody

Of colour thrill through sorrow like a horn.
Stretch wide, O marshes, in your yellow joy,
Stretch, ample marshes, in serene delight.
Proclaiming faith past tempests to destroy,
With silent confidence of conscious might.

One of the loveliest threnodies in the English, Richard Hovey's "Seaward," written for his friend. It might have been written for our friend, here by the water and the yellow bar that he loved.

But there is one stanza which we here today cannot say:

Alas, he is not here, he will not sing,
The air is empty of him evermore.
. . . No gentle eyes look out to sea with mine,
No gentle lips are uttering quaint lore,
No hand is on my shoulder for a sign.

For the air is filled with the sense of him.

For him, two kinds of immortality. Of the one, we say little. The sub-atomic discoveries are leading us to thresholds of understanding which we cannot yet cross; setting in walls, windows to which we cannot yet reach. Perhaps some day we shall be saying, "Was it so simple, so natural—was immortality so *practical*, all the time?" But love and poetry have often gone before science and philosophy to speak the word first. Perhaps today we know already. We do know.

The other kind of immortality our friend made for himself—the shadow, it may be, of the great rainbow. He made an immortality of his work. Of Walter Rauschenbusch, that friend of our friend, one who preceded him by only six weeks into the light and the color, there was said something which is true of them both:

"From time to time there appear among us those who are *familiar* with a state where existence is other. They try to tell us about it."

Our friend was familiar with a state where existence is other. He tried to tell us about it, to make it livable for us. Sometimes we caught it. Whatever we caught of his new knowledge, of his presence, it is ours to diffuse.

In that presence of him, we know today a deep difference. But does he know a difference? May it not be that, raised to some high level of perception, of enhancement of being, he wonders what can have halted us here even for an hour? It must be only for this hour; for it is for us henceforward to co-operate with him in one of his immortalities, to uphold and prolong his work and his word.

Was it not of lovely import that on the day after he had died there was mailed at Tower Hill that last word of his to the subscribers of UNITY. This letter said:

". . . is there room in the United States for a fraternity of those who differ, a fellowship of the spirit among those who disagree as to dogmas, doctrines, formulas and methods of administration?"

That the love of him made such a fraternity is witnessed by us who gather here today, is witnessed again and again by his wide work's result.

And in this letter sounds his last ringing word about the war:

"I approach this war problem, as I have all other problems in conscience, from the standpoint of human brotherhood, the potency of love, and the measureless possibilities in human nature—all human nature."

And who of us will forget how he settled it—that immortal phrase of his at a time earlier: "War is the sum of all villainies, the culmination of wickedness."

And last, in this last word to us, this, thrown against the canvas of all the future:

"When history comes to write the story of this passing episode in the life of our little UNITY, it will find some things amusing and many things that will provoke wonder what all the fuss was about, and that will recall the ethical sagacity of him who spoke of 'straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.'"

I am so glad of that little jest. It sounds to us no less characteristic than some of the beloved words of his lips: "Infinite Nearness," and "the besetting God."

And then the farewell in this letter:

"Meanwhile, all the while, I remain, yours for freedom, fellowship and character in religion."

A great man. A man of peace. A man of love. And I cannot believe that he ever for a moment lost his fundamental faith in human nature—which is God.

She whom he loved and whom we love has brought together these parts of the "Ring and the Book" to phrase for us our knowledge of him:

I trust in the great compensating God.
* * *
No work begun shall ever pause for death.

Not one flower of all he said and did
Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown,
But dropped a seed, has grown a balsam-tree
Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place
In this supreme of moments.
* * *
So let us wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us in the dark to rise by.

The air empty of our friend? The air is living with his presence. Always his eyes will look into ours, his lips utter for us their lore. I think that his hand is on our shoulders for a sign.

VI. Solo—"Crossing the Bar".....Miss Johnson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—*Tennyson.*

VII. Address.....

JOHN FAVILLE, D.D.,
LAKE MILLS, WISCONSIN.

It was last Tuesday evening that I first learned of the sickness of my friend. I did not then know any particulars. On Wednesday morning I wrote him a letter. Among other things I said, "You do not know how to be sick very well. If necessary I will come to Tower Hill and we will go out again into the Wisconsin River and have a swim as we did the last time I visited you there." So I went on in that rather cheerful strain. I had hardly dreamed then of anything serious. I could not think of this man of such tremendous vigor for his age as so soon to "cross the bar." And yet I have come to Tower Hill, not to go with him as I suggested in my letter, but to stand with you before this casket and to say a few words of appreciation of my friend of more than forty years. We were farmer boys together without knowing it in adjoining towns in Jefferson County. My acquaintance with him did not really begin until his pastorate in Janesville. My twin brother, the Rev. Henry Faville, was then pastor in another church there and they were kindred spirits. I learned then who he was and what he was in a very general way.

But it was not until the Parliament of Religions that I really found out who and what Jenkin Lloyd Jones was, and from those days until this there has been a growing appreciation, a growing love for this man who entered my life then as a positive factor. Although I was nearly his age, it seems to me as if he had lived long years before me. He had lived in experience a great many more years than I. He seemed almost a father instead of a brother. Since those days I have been associated with him in a large number of the relations of life that have bound my soul to his. When I heard that he had gone I felt that there were but few men living or dead to whom I owed a greater debt in the way of inspiration, of provocation to good works, because of the boundless enthusiasm, the tremendous force and the free spirit that were his. So I am glad for the privilege of being here today to join with you in this memorial service. I once attended a service in memory of a man of real ability and character who belonged to a little club of about twelve members, and at that service, after I had conducted my part of it, every member of the club rose and spoke a few words about the man who had gone. If today we could have such a service as that, I know how insignificant might be the testimony of my brother Foster or of myself or any of us who were more remotely related to him, how insignificant it would be in comparison with what would come out of your hearts and out of your thought as his family and his people. But we are not here for more than a brief service of appreciation and sympathy. Other eulogies will come; other memorial services will be held. There will be perhaps a simple stone to mark his resting place out in the old burial ground, but how truly those familiar words concerning the monument of Sir Christopher Wren, "Look about you! Look about you!" may be said of him. If ever anyone reared monuments of beauty and strength in souls and in society it was the man in whose memory we meet today.

He was a marvelous man. It is rare to meet one of such sturdiness, such strength of body. How much he owed to his splendid Welsh ancestry! You never met him without feeling—even after he had passed the three score and ten years—here is a man of unsual vigor, of tremendous power to do, to endure and to create.

And he was more wonderful in his variety of talent. Did you ever meet anyone who could do as many things as well as Jenkin Lloyd Jones? Who had a larger variety of first class talents or abilities? He was an all round genius.

In addition to that I always felt that there was in his make-up that which Dr. Foster has spoken of, his strong, practical sense, his ability to bring things to pass. He was by nature a poet. He was an idealist, but as has been said he could also do things. Most of us in the ministry stood in wonder before the work that he did. If he had died when I first knew him, certainly if he had died at fifty, I should have said there were few men who had accomplished as much as he in those years and yet for a quarter of a century after he reached the half century mark he has been going on with added power and influence. He was not only great in that respect but perhaps more in his unflagging enthusiasm and power in his public addresses. I heard him only a few months after the Ford Peace Expedition. He spoke three times in the city of Appleton. I have listened to but few men—and I have lived in the days of Wendell Phillips and John B. Gough and Charles Bradlaugh and other orators world-renowned, and I have never heard a man who was more eloquent, more forcible, was indeed a greater platform speaker, than he was that day.

Dr. Foster and Miss Gale have both taken something of the same thought, but I want now to speak of what seems to me some of the sources of this marvelousness. It is good to have a great soul housed in a strong body and yet great souls have been housed in frail bodies. So it was not that alone that made Jenkin Lloyd Jones what he was. At the foundation there were at least three qualities of life and they are what you and I can and ought to have. We are under added obligations, because we knew him, to seek them.

First, was his great heart. We exchanged pulpits some years ago when it was not so fashionable as it is now to bridge these denominational chasms. My wife never had met him and she got the idea from some liberal ministers she had known in the East of a polished, intellectual, somewhat cold personality. And she dreaded the ordeal of entertaining him. But when she met that genial presence at the door, that great head on that rugged body—the hearty greeting—all her fears vanished. He had times when clouds were over him, he had his Gethsemane hours, but no one could met him as most of us met him in ordinary life without feeling that there was a joyous heart that beat always, under all circumstances, in love, tenderness and sympathy for those about him. A great heart! He might have been a power in some ways without it, but he never would have been Jenkin Lloyd Jones. You and I love him because we know he loved us; and not only us; if there was ever a man that walked this earth who put aside color prejudice, caste prejudice, priest prejudice, national prejudice, race prejudice, it was this friend of ours. He loved people.

Another reason why he was so great a man was because of his moral keenness and his moral soundness. I appreciate all that Dr. Foster has said with reference to differences about certain problems and principles. We have to recognize that sometimes it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us, but after that has been said, Jenkin Lloyd Jones from the first hour that I knew him till the last was a man who was morally sound and morally keen. He could throw to the ground as an ethical wrestler most men because he had this moral force and insight, not in the merely financial, nor the temporal, nor social, but all through. He lived as faithfully and as honestly under moral law as he tried to live under physical law and he owed a great part of his remarkable vitality and bodily power to his steadfast obedience to physical laws. I like to think of such men, they are not too many, these great leaders on moral questions. I like to think of him as the inspiration of thousands if not millions because he had a clearer moral vision and a greater moral courage than so many about us. He was a moral leader.

And then as I think of him, as I try to appreciate him, it seems to me that the crowning thing about him was his religious depth and breadth. Some people are religious and narrow; some people are religious and shallow. You never could accuse Jenkin Lloyd Jones of either of those extremes. I am glad that Dr. Foster spoke of the Congress of Religions. We cannot begin to measure the power of this minister as secretary of the World's Parliament of Religions, and after that for years of the Congress of Religions. It is true, as has been said, that a new era in religion was ushered in, and underneath that new era more perhaps than anyone else was Jenkin Lloyd Jones; his religious breadth and his religious depth both came into finest action in that direction.

And do you know why he had this breadth and this depth? Because he started with the right kind of a God. There is no use in talking about brotherhood or being brothers unless God is a Father. With Jenkin Lloyd Jones the first article in his religious creed was, "I believe in God the Father," and until the world gets so it can recite that creed as it never has yet, and pray "Our Father" and mean it, there will never be either religious depth or religious breadth. I bow my thanks to this teacher because he with a few others years ago made me see that the fundamental thing in any man's religion, if he is to be a Christian, is to have the God that Jesus had and that Jesus' God was "Our Father."

I wish that he could speak to us again and again. He will to many in his writings, for they are full of this fundamental truth, especially those last ones about the "Battle-Torn Peoples." I wish we could see that this theologian, for he was first that, never gave so great a message, never gave one with finer power than this: "If God is my father and he is your father and he is our father, I am going to live my life as though I believed that, as though I trusted to it; I am going to act on it"—and he did.

And so his character was built on these pillars, a great heart, moral keenness and soundness, religious depth and breadth. Because of these he was Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

And now we are to take this clay and give it back to Mother Earth. But we are not to say good-bye to him. If you and I from this time on are not better men and women because we have known him, although now his earthly presence with us is withdrawn, then is there condemnation upon us. I wish that we could feel that there is not anything really gone. You, his family, have lost husband, father, brother. There will be hours of loss and longing, but, I trust, no mourning! Thank God; rejoice that he has been with us so long; then rejoice that he died in battle. I am glad of that. Though some of his dearest friends looked at certain things from a different angle, I am glad that he had this last great battle, that he died fighting for the ideas and principles he had always fought for. What matters if he did not see what some will see, the better day out of this world crisis. He had had his share of victories. What a power he was in the anti-slavery cause and the industrial and the educational worlds. What a warrior he was in the liquor fight! I know there were days in which the great heart was almost broken in these last months; yet he was not alone in this experience. He went down fighting, with his colors flying. No one wedded to some other theory of life or human relations or nationalism or religion can doubt his honesty and bravery and loyalty and sacrifice. I should like to put over his grave these words: "I have fought a good fight." That is true of him to the end. "I have kept the faith." And how much that means! "Henceforth the crown." And we are crowning him. Not one of us who knew him but have crowned him today. Heretofore a crowning here; henceforth a crowning over there!

VIII. Benediction.....Miss Johnson

Father, let thy blessing
Touch us and remain,
Guiding all our actions
Till we meet again;

Father, keep us loving,
Brave and true and free,
Kind to every creature,
All belong to thee.

Unto all thy children,
Here and everywhere,
Father, give the comfort
Of thy loving care.

—Althea A. Ogden.

IX. Benediction at the Grave.....Dr. Faville

Our Father as we consign this mortal material and perishable part of our brother back to his mother earth, we would look up to thee, we would think of him as having thrown off the body of clay and thereby gained spiritual power. Bless all who are here, give us new faith in the resurrection, give us new hope of eternal life, give us new love of souls. The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and give thee peace. Amen.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

HATE AFTER WAR.

The Civil War in America ended in 1865. Half a century afterward a young teacher from the North, working in Virginia, met educated men and women who still denounced Abraham Lincoln as one of the worst of men, and made it a sacred duty to declare their undying hatred of the United States Government and of the Negroes whom it had set free.

In 1865 we had been at peace with England for fifty years. Yet our schoolbooks of that time still planted and nursed in the minds of our children hatred of England for the misgovernment of her insane German king of a century before, and for the aggressions which caused the war of 1812.

And England's hatred of America in those days was hardly less bitter than ours for her. In 1861, when England was building Confederate cruisers to sink our merchant ships, in his poem, "Jonathan to John," James Russell Lowell wrote:—

"Shall it be love or hate, John?
It's you that's to decide.
Ain't *your* bonds held by fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Old Uncle S., says he, "I guess
We've a hard row," says he,
To hoe just now, but that, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
As well as you and me."

And indeed it was not until England's "hard row" came to her in 1914 that the long reign of hatred ended, and John Bull and Jonathan came to be real friends. It is common trouble that draws nations together in sympathy and friendship, just as it does men.

How will it be with us after the present war? Must the world live through a century of hatred for everything German? Must this generation and the next die off before Americans will again read Schiller and Goethe, or listen to the music of Wagner and Mozart? Will visitors to America in the year 2018 find some people still maintaining that Bernhardi's theory was, after all, the true one, and that force is the only real power?

The answer depends upon us of this generation. If we preach hate after this war as Germany has preached it since her war with France, and teach our children to hate not Prussianism but *Prussians*, then our children's children will reap the bitter harvest that we sow. But if we will turn again to the teachings of Jesus rather than those of the Kaiser, the reign of hatred will be short, for the science of education is much better understood and the progress of the race far more rapid.

Can we not take a lesson from the Negro? "No man," said Booker Washington, "shall drag me down so low as to make me hate him." Yet this was a man of the race that we have held in slavery for centuries, and whose members are every year mobbed and outraged, shot, hanged, and burned to death, often on the mere suspicion of crime. Shall we confess that we cannot reach the level of Christianity attained by the persecuted and ostracised Negro?

Let us remember that it is the man who hates that suffers; it is we and our children who must live in the atmosphere of hate that we have created. "He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth."

Let us get out of the darkness and into the sunshine H. F.

Friends' Intelligencer.

Friend of the friendless else.

* * *

Hater of war, strong to convince and teach,
With passionate faith and indignation strong,
Mighty to slay the hydraheads of wrong.

* * *

Thy voice was aye for Freedom, and thy heart
Warlike for Peace.

From the poem on John Bright by Lewis Morris.

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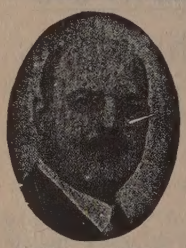

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